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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 316.

DON'T BE SORROWFUL, DARLING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD,

Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Oh, why are you sorrowful, darling,
And sad when the summer comes here?
Do you think o' the fall of the autumn leaf,
And the lonesome time of the year?

The summer's ours, my darling,
With its June-time songs and sun,
And the autumn-time is far away,
When the summer is just begun.

Don't think of the shadows, darling;
Don't look for the clouds and rain,
But smile in the sunshine o' summer days
That never will come again.

How can you be sorrowful, darling,
In the great, warm heart of June,
When the world is tender and true to us,
And life like a pleasant tune?

Ah, smile in the sunshine, darling,
Be glad while the summer's here,
Don't think of the time o' the falling leaf,
And the lonesome days o' the year.

Don't miss all the sunshine, darling,
With thinking of clouds and rain,
God knows they will come to us soon enough,
But to grieve for them is vain.

Kansas King: THE RED RIGHT HAND.

BY BUFFALO BILL (HON. WM. F. CODY),
AUTHOR OF "DEADLY EYE, THE UNKNOWN SCOUT," "THE PRAIRIE ROVER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

So mystified was the Scout at all he had seen and heard that he was at first tempted to break his word and follow on after the maiden, that he might solve the puzzle of her being there in the midst of the Black Hills, and, by his own words, no stranger in that wild region.

Had her language and appearance been different, had she been some bold, rude girl of the frontier, he might have believed her the daughter of some reckless borderman, who, tiring of the society of his fellow-men, had sought a home in that far-away country; or, mayhap, the wife of an Indian camp, stolen from some settlement during a red-skin raid, and raised in the wigwam of a chief.

But her looks, her language, all belied these suppositions, and as to who or what she was the Scout remained in the dark.

"Well, I'll never solve the mystery standing here; I will back to camp, and perhaps, as she said, we may meet again."

So saying, Red-Hand slung his rifle across his arm, and stepped forward to tear the scalps of the Sioux from their heads, when there came the sharp crack of a rifle, the whir of a bullet, and the Scout staggered backward and fell, a crimson stream bursting from his left temple.

As Red-Hand fell to the ground a tall form suddenly came down the steep hillside, his rifle still smoking, held in his hand.

It was no Indian that had thus turned his rifle upon the Scout, to avenge his slain comrades, but a man of his own race, though the upper part of his face was darkly bronzed, almost to the hue of the red-skin, and the lower part of his face was concealed beneath an iron-gray beard, that fell in masses below his waist.

His eyes were dark, fiery, constantly restless, and his hair white and worn long, though age could have scarcely thus frosted hair and beard, and left the form strong and upright.

Over six feet in height, straight as an arrow, with broad shoulders and massive breast, and clad in a suit of buckskin, he was a majestic specimen of manhood, a manhood marred by a certain iniquity of manner, nervous restlessness of the eye, and a look of cruelty and avariciousness upon his face.

Besides his rifle, one of the Spencer pattern, he carried in his belt a revolver, knife and large hatchet, and as he came down the hill at a long, swinging pace, seemed a dangerous foe to meet.

Upon his face rested an exultant smile, as if rejoicing in his work in the misery of a human being, and he advanced toward the Scout with a look it was hard to read.

But the bullet sent in search of life had missed its aim, and only momentarily stunned the Scout, who suddenly sprang to his feet, and with drawn knife rushed upon his would-be slayer.

Unexpected as was the movement, the stranger sprang back quickly, and drawing his knife, met the blade of his assailant in mid-air, and with a loud clash, the weapons rang together.

Then each man stood at bay, their breath hard drawn, and their muscles nerved to iron firmness.

Both were tall and of powerful build, and whatever their sins might be, they were as brave as the desert lion, and the struggle between them must be one of life and death, for neither would yield one inch to the other.

For Red-Hand, he had not sought the combat; a man who should have been his friend had ruthlessly attempted to shoot him down, and if, in return, he could avenge himself upon him, he intended to do so, though why the other sought his life he knew not.

For an instant thus stood the two men, their knives held firmly together, and then the gilt-

strike the trail and follow it up, to see what could carry a party into the Black Hills.

But ere he could make the slightest motion there came a loud cry of alarm, and the next moment a graceful form bounded in between the two men.

It was the maiden who a short while before had parted with the Scout.

As she bounded in between the two men her uplifted hands seized a wrist of each, and her voice fairly rung as she cried out:

"Hold! This must not be!"

"Back, Pearl, back! I will have his life, for you know my vow!" cried the stranger.

"No, father; lower your knife, for not half an hour ago this man saved my life—see!" and the maiden addressed as Pearl pointed to the dead bodies of her Indian enemies.

"Hal! You were in danger, Pearl, and he saved you?" and the man spoke in earnest tones and turned his gaze again upon Red-Hand, who had stepped back at the approach of the maiden, yet still held his knife ready for defense.

"Yes, father; this brave Scout rescued me when yonder Sioux would have taken my life."

"True, I aided the maiden after she had already sent two of the red devils to their happy hunting-ground; but if you have aught against me, comrade, let not that act of mine stand in the way, for twice have you attempted my life now," and Red-Hand spoke in a recklessly determined tone, peculiar to him when much moved.

Again the stranger turned his gaze upon the Scout, and something he saw there seemed to trouble him deeply, for he passed his hand across his face, muttering as if communing with the past.

"Yes, it is his face—no, it cannot be—he! the red hand—it is he," and the man staggered back a step or two, while the maiden sprung to his side, crying:

"Father, are you ill?"

"No, child; I felt faint for a moment, when I thought how near I came to slaying on who had saved your life, Partner, do you journey often into these hills?"

Red-Hand saw that the old man had given an evasive reply, but replied quietly:

"This is my second coming into the Black Hills. I deemed this country far beyond the line where white men dwelt, and yet I find a dweller here."

"Comrade, I have sickened of life among my fellow-men, and came here to shun mankind; but enough! take the warning of one who does not warn in vain, and this very night turn your back upon these hills, for only dangers can surround you here: go, go at once!"

"Comrade, I love dangers, and if you can live here I can also. I bid you a pleasant good-night."

Saying, Red-Hand wheeled on his heel, strode away his hat politely to the maiden, and strode away to soon disappear around a bend in the gulch.

CHAPTER VII. LONE DICK.

MORE and more mystified by everything he discovered in the Black Hills, Red-Hand walked rapidly away in the direction of his camp, and after nightfall arrived, to find another surprise awaiting him, for an old trapper had come in, and told his story of how he had been hunting on the streams, and had struck the trail of the party coming to the hills.

Feeling assured that there was something up beyond his comprehension, he determined to

CHAPTER VIII. AN OLD FRIEND AND NEW FACES.

At the first glimmer of dawn in the east Red-Hand was on his feet, and calling to Lone Dick, the two soon set out upon their way to strike the trail of the emigrants.

Going in a southerly direction, and riding rapidly, for both were well mounted shortly after noon the Scout discovered fresh traces that proved the train had lately passed along.

Following up, they were not long in finding out that a considerable number of recent tracks showed that the newly-arrived party were already dogged by Indians, who were determined to resent this invasion into their territory.

As the sun went down beyond the western hills, there came to the ears of the two men the sound of firing, and dashing on at full speed, they soon came upon a spirited scene.

In the mouth of a small canyon were gathered several persons, huddled together, and with their rifles endeavoring to keep back some two-score Sioux braves, who were pressing them hard.

Several Indians lay dead here and there, and, infuriated by the loss of their comrades, the band of warriors were preparing to rush in force upon the small party in the canyon and end the combat by a hand to hand conflict.

At this moment Red-Hand and Lone Dick came in sight, and a glance showed them that the small party were whites, and with yells infernal they dashed upon the Indians, firing their repeating rifles as they rode.

With never-failing aim, the rifle of Red-Hand sent many a warrior and horse to the ground, and its rapid, rattling fire, added to that of Lone Dick, caused the red-skins to believe a large reinforcement had arrived to aid the pale-faces, and they broke for cover, while from the canyon dashed three men, firing as they came, and greatly adding to the fright of the Indians, who hastily retreated into a gorge in the hills, leaving their dead upon the field.

"Hip, hip hooray! Red-Hand, as I live Old fellow, owe you one," and one of the besieged party dashed up to the Scout, and warmly grasped his hand.

That the man who so warmly welcomed Red-Hand was a frontiersman was evident by his attire and general appearance, for he was clad in buck-skin, moccasins, and all, and wore a slouch hat ornamented with a gold sun looping up the rim in front, and adding to the bold and determined expression upon his fine face.

His form was graceful, wiry, and denoted great strength, while his movements were quick, nervous, and his dark eyes were restless.

His features were French—in fact, he was a Frenchman, coming, it was said, from Michigan, where his father lived—a noble, exiled from his native land.

Thoroughly armed and equipped, and mounted upon a large, sinewy horse, Tom Sun—for such was his name—was a dangerous foe.

In his frank, pleasant way he greeted Red-Hand and Lone Dick, and then turning to his comrades, said:

"Here, Red-Hand, are friends I am guiding up into the hills to hunt a home."

"Captain Ramsey, this is Red-Hand, the Scout—what his other name is, God and himself only know; but that is not the matter, for a man out here does not run so much by the handle of his name as he does by his actions, and I'll vouch for it there is no man on the border who is the superior of my friend, here."

"I am glad to meet you, sir, and your name is not unknown to me. This is my son, sir,

* Tom Sun is one of the finest scouts on the plains to-day; a splendid specimen of manhood, generous to a fault, and brave as a lion; he is admired by all who know him.—BUFFALO BILL.

and this my daughter," and the man addressed as Captain Ramsey turned to a young man who rode by his side, and a fair young girl, who had reined her horse slightly back.

Red-Hand glanced first into the face of Captain Ramsey, and beheld a man of fifty years of age, with a noble face and stalwart form; but though he appeared like a borderman, his manner indicated that his earlier life had been passed amid far different scenes.

His son, Burton Ramsey, was about twenty years of age, and possessed a good-looking face and handsome form, clad like his father, in a suit of gray home-spun.

Ruth Ramsey, the daughter, seemed like a ray of sunshine in that group of stern men, and upon her lovely face and fairy form the Scout allowed his eyes to linger a moment in earnest admiration, ere he turned to Tom Sun.

"Tom, what brings you into this wild land?"

"My horse, of course; but, joking aside, comrade, the captain, here, was in the army some years ago, and resigning his commission, settled down upon the border of the Southwest on a ranch; but he concluded he would do better up in these hills, and so his whole neighborhood up stakes, and here they are, I being the guide of the expedition."

"There is no more beautiful country to settle in, if Government and the Indians will only let you alone," remarked Red-Hand.

"Yes, and no richer country in minerals, I am convinced, Scout, and I believe we can get a hold here and soon get Government to support us."

"I doubt the support of Government, captain, and it is a dangerous country into which to bring women and children."

"True, Scout; but we will have to teach the Indians to let us alone, or pacify them with presents."

"That Quaker idea of dealing with Redskins is losing ground, captain, and if the Indians know they can get all the presents by one grand fight, and a number of scalps to boot, why, it is their nature to do so."

"You paint a bad picture, Scout; but, can I ask how is it I find you here in these hills, and with only one comrade?"

"A single man can go, sir, where a dozen dare not attempt it. I am here with a band of brave fellows who came for the same purpose that doubtless brought you—to search for gold."

"By Heaven, you are right, Scout! I have reason to know that there are large quantities of gold here," replied Captain Ramsey, with enthusiasm.

"There is certainly gold here, sir, and silver, too, for that matter; but all gold-seekers in the Black Hills come here at the risk of their lives until Government sends troops to protect the miners, and that it cannot do until the country is purchased from the Indians, who have a claim upon it for a number of years to come."

"You speak knowingly, Scout, and I feel that you are right; but here we are, and here we intend to remain as long as it is in our power to do so."

"Still it was wrong to bring women and children with you. A man has a right to play with his own life, but not those of his wife and children, and already you have had a sample of how the red-skins intend to receive you," and Red-Hand spoke warmly.

"True; and had it not been for your brave dash to our relief, ere now our end might have come; but let us on after the train, and we can give you some good cheer after we go into camp, and I beg of you not to paint a dark side to our expedition for there may be a few faint hearts among us."

"I have said all I intend to, captain. Have you determined upon where you intend to camp?"

"No, for we are in the dark regarding locations."

"Then I would advise that you bend more to the north-east, and you will find a fertile valley and good streams, and be also within a third of a day's journey from our camp, and you know there is safety in numbers."

"I have advised building a stronghold at once, and then, should the Indians prove troublesome, we have at least protection," said Tom Sun.

"You are right, Tom! you can reach the spot I speak of early to-morrow, and circumstances warrant that you lose no delay in building your fort. How many men have you with you?"

"We have about thirty, Red-Hand, and about as many non-combatants, and we are well armed and equipped, I assure you."

"In our band there are a score of miners, and no women or children. If it comes to the worst, why, our united bands should make a good fight. But come, we had better be on, for I see Lone Dick has scalped the Indians."

"Yes, he'd rather scalp a Sioux than say his prayers," laughed Tom Sun, and the party rode rapidly after the train, several miles ahead, and which Captain Ramsey had imprudently allowed to proceed, while he stopped to examine some traces of gold, accompanied only by his guide, son and daughter; but the ex-officer was most enthusiastic over the Black Hills, had a bad case of "gold fever," and was willing to risk life and all in the search for the precious yellow god, which numbered so many ardent worshippers.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TWO STRONGHOLDS.

SOMETHING alarmed, in spite of himself, by the words of Red-Hand, Captain Ramsey be-



Then each man stood at bay, their eyes glaring into each other's.

gan to feel that he had allowed his enthusiasm to go perhaps too far in leading an expedition into the Black Hills, when the lives of the whole party might be the forfeit for their foolhardiness.

But having at length entered the Promised Land, it was not in the nature of the old soldier to turn back, and he contented himself with a determination to so fortify his camp as to make it impregnable to the attacks of the red-skins; and his energetic example, as soon as the train reached the designated spot for encampment, soon set all the men at work at the log fort.

Having conducted the train to its advantageous site, both for gold-hunting and defense from the Indians, Red-Hand left for his own camp, accompanied by Lone Dick and Tom Sun, the latter going with his brother scout to learn the locality of the miners' camp.

As the three men rode along they conversed over the future prospects of the country which they had so boldly invaded, and did not doubt but that their example would be followed by others as soon as it became known that white men were living in the Black Hills, which had always before been considered the rightful land of the red-skin.

Without exciting suspicion as to his motives, Red-Hand questioned his companions closely regarding their ever having heard of the existence of any whites in the Black Hills, and learned that there were vague rumors upon the border among the plainsmen that one of the Sioux tribe had a white chief—an old man who lived hermit-like away from his own race.

But more than this neither Tom Sun nor Lone Dick could tell, and many believed it was mere rumor, as no hunter or trapper had even seen the individual spoken of, or even seen an Indian who had done so.

Convinced that it was not all idle rumor, after what he knew, Red-Hand said nothing to his companions, however, but determined to hunt out himself this hermit of the Black Hills, and discover the mystery that had caused him to bury himself and his beautiful daughter thus far away from his race, and live among a savage people.

Arriving at his own camp, Red-Hand found that his comrades had made rapid progress with their work, and that the walls of the stockade fort were already assuming shape.

The situation selected by the Scout was certainly a most advantageous position, being under the shelter of a huge hill of rock, inaccessible to the foot of man, and fronting on the banks of a mountain stream.

The stockade fence encircled a portion of rich, grassy land where the horses could luxuriate and where a garden-plot for vegetables was laid out.

The only approaches to the spot were across the stream, and around the base of the cliff by a narrow pathway that half a dozen men could defend against a hundred, and the miners were delighted at the natural defense of their stronghold, while Tom Sun returned to his own encampment determined to take pattern after the example of Red-Hand and prepare for trouble ahead.

Thus several weeks passed away and the two settlements in the Black Hills were prepared against every emergency, and at length the miners began to turn their attention toward gold-seeking, the real object that had caused them to risk life in journeying thus far beyond the confines of civilization.

As for Red-Hand and Tom Sun, they cared little for gold, and were thorough plainsmen, spending their time in scouting and hunting for their respective camps, while Lone Dick had caught the fever of avariciousness and was preparing to dig his way to fortune, if he had to go clear through to China.

Separated only by a score of miles from each other, the different members of the gold-seekers' camps became most friendly, and many were the young miners who loved to ride over to the Ramsey stronghold and sun themselves in the bright glances of Ruth Farnsworth's eyes, for of the half-dozen fair maidens in her party she was decidedly the belle.

But Ruth seemed to care little for their admiration, for her prettiest glances were turned on Red-Hand, who, from her first meeting with him, when he rescued her from the band of Sioux braves, she had held a warm place for him in her heart, and felt that the Scout's dark, handsome face must ever be engraved on her memory, and the strange mystery that hung around his life interested her still more in him.

Thus the days and weeks glided by, and still, excepting a skirmish now and then, the Indians had not disturbed the two camps, and daily the miners worked away for gold, while Tom Sun and Red-Hand scouted and hunted through the hills and valleys, and in one of their scouting trips made a discovery which was not at all agreeable to the invaders of the new Eldorado.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 315.)

AN INVOCATION.

Come from the forest of spirit-world to-night,
And with once more thy weary soul
In all the softened splendors of thy light;
Oh! in my anguish leave me not alone.

Let me but see the shadow of thy face;
Let me but hear the music of thy wings;
E'en that, I think, would from my soul efface
The subtle agony death always brings.

Come not transfigured by the light of love,
In garments of thy soul's pure bliss arrayed,
For my sad spirit cannot rise above
The grave, where all its fondest hopes are laid.

Come rather clothed in thy humanity,
With the same softened sadness on thy brow,
And winning sweetnes of those eyes, to move
Naught but a tender collection now.

In thy twilight smile, half-light, half-shade,
The memories of the past will gain new life,
The outlines of my grief will softly fade,
And in that rest I shall forget the strife.

FERGUS FEARNNAUGHT, OR, Our New York Boys.

A STORY OF THE BY-WAYS AND THOROUGHFARES.
BY GEORGE L. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "ROY, THE
RECKLESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

TRACKING THE SECRET.

LORANIA YORKE descended from her chamber to the library to select a book and pass away the hour that yet remained before her husband would return from his place of business in New York. To her surprise she found Rufus Glendenning there.

He was standing before a small picture, in a plain walnut frame, which hung against the wall. This was the portrait that Lorania had painted, and she had caused it to be framed and placed there.

It represented a boy with flaxen hair, bright

blue eyes, a peachy complexion, and regular and handsome features. In fact, it was a charming painting of a boy's head, who might be some fifteen or sixteen years of age.

Underneath the head was written, in a bold, though feminine hand, a single word, a name—the name of ROBERT.

Rufus Glendenning's features wore a puzzled expression as he studied this picture. He turned his head to look at her as the rustling of her dress announced her coming, and he saw a slight wrinkle of displeasure between her shapely eyebrows; but it was gone in a moment.

"You here?" she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Yorke," he answered, with a courteous inclination of his head.

"I did not expect you for an hour."

She went to the book-shelves to make selection of a volume. His eyes followed her with a wistful expression.

"Heavens, how beautiful she is!" he murmured to himself; "but cold—cold as ice! Is there no way to thaw this ice? Let me see." Then he answered her remark. "I am an hour earlier than my usual time, I had an appointment at three o'clock in Jersey City, and concluded to come home, instead of returning to New York."

This was a falsehood; but Rufus Glendenning had no qualms of conscience in that respect when it answered his purpose. He had returned thus early for this opportunity to hold a private interview with Lorania.

She had always regarded him with a kind of quiet disdain, and he knew it, and that knowledge had rankled in his mind with an exceeding bitterness.

"Oh! for some way to bow this beauteous woman's haughty pride," he had prayed fervently and deeply on many an occasion, and now it appeared to him as if this longing wish of his heart was to be gratified; and she could hope for little mercy at his hands if the event justified his anticipations.

Lorania kept her back to him, searching among the books, and replying indifferently:

"Indeed!"

"I was just looking at this little picture of yours," she continued, insidiously.

"Were you?" returned Lorania, in the same indifferent manner.

"You are very skillful with your pencil and your brush."

"So I have been often told."

"You appear to be a born artist."

She gave her shoulders an indifferent shrug, replying:

"All artists are born, I believe, Mr. Glendenning; but I have cultivated the gift, which I pleased Heaven to bestow upon me. I owe my skill to long and patient practice."

"From love of the art, doubtless?"

"Partly, not altogether. I have often thought it might be a source of profit to me if I should ever be thrown on my own resources."

"What a strange idea!" he exclaimed, aghast.

"Oh! it astonishes you, does it? Perhaps it is odd, to your view; but you know everybody has his or her own peculiar ideas."

"But I do not think that you will ever meet with any reverse of fortune that would compel you to exercise your talent as a means of support."

"Who can tell? The world's history is full of strange reverses. 'We know what we are, but we know not what we may be.' Gigantic fortunes are lost in a single day."

"But not when they are in the hands of such a man as Elliott Yorke."

"Ah, yes, he is wisdom and prudence personified; but if I should lose the support of his protecting arm!"

"A rich young widow always finds plenty of suitors," he answered, smilingly.

Her fair head crested haughtily.

"But the suitors might not suit her," she rejoined.

"There is a secret in this woman's life or she would not talk thus," reflected Glendenning.

"Oh! if I can only find it out."

He returned again to the picture. In that lay his only hope.

"Is this a fancy sketch?" he inquired.

"What else should it be?" she replied, evasively.

"It looks like a portrait."

She turned around upon him with a sudden quickness.

"Ah! that shot told," was his exultant thought.

"What makes you think so?" she demanded.

"Because I have seen a boy in New York who is the very image of this picture," he answered.

She made a step toward him, and then checked herself; but she could not restrain the eager gleaming of her eyes. They told more than she was aware of.

"You have seen—in New York—a boy like that?" she said, steadyng the tones of her voice.

"I have," he answered, much satisfied with the effect he had produced, but framing his replies with great caution so as not to alarm her, and put her on her guard.

"Where?"

"In Chatham street."

"Ah!"

This was a sigh more than an exclamation. She turned again to the shelves and took a volume out, but he observed that she selected it haphazard. She turned to him again, holding the volume carelessly in her hand.

"Do you know this boy?" she continued.

He smiled, and replied:

"I can hardly claim the honor of his acquaintance. I have seen, and exchanged a few words with him. I was attracted toward him by his free-and-easy bearing, and the singular attitude in which he had placed himself."

"How singular?" she asked, displaying an eager interest in these details.

Glendenning described the peculiar manner in which Fergus had patronized the boot-blacks, and he thought that a faint smile flickered over Lorania's pale features as she listened to him.

"What is this boy's name, do you know?"

"Yes; Fergus." He paused here designedly.

He thought she would be disappointed in the name, but she was not; at all events, he could not discover any sign of disappointment in her face.

"Fergus?" she repeated.

"Yes."

"What other name?" she inquired; and he saw that she awaited his reply with anxiety.

"Fearnnaught."

This answer surprised her.

"Fearnnaught—Fergus Fearnnaught?" she questioned.

"Yes."

"Strange!" she murmured.

"How strange?" he asked, insidiously.

"The name—does it not strike you so? It seems very singular to me," she answered, composedly.

"She is on her guard," reflected Glendenning.

"But I am on the track of the secret, and I'll have it yet."

"Do you know where this boy lives?" continued Lorania.

"Yes."

"Where?" she demanded, eagerly.

"In Baxter street, with a poor widow-woman and her daughter."

"Do you know their name?"

"I don't think Pickles mentioned the name," replied Glendenning, cautiously; "if he did, I have forgotten it; but he knows."

"Who is Pickles?" she questioned, quickly.

"A lawyer friend of mine, who has an office in Center street, New York."

"How came he to know anything about this boy?"

"I asked him to make some inquiries."

"Why should you interest yourself in this boy?" she questioned, in a suspicious manner, and with some show of displeasure.

He bit his lip wexedly, finding that she had lied him into telling her more than he intended. A bold frankness was his best plan, he thought, and acting on this thought, he answered:

"I was led to do so by a strange resemblance that I saw in the boy's face."

"To whom?" she rejoined, icily.

"To yourself."

She shrugged her shoulders coldly.

"Ah! you think you saw such a resemblance?" she said.

"I saw it then—I see it now."

"Where?"

"In this picture here."

"Indeed!"

"It is enough like the boy to have been his portrait—and you are enough like the boy to have been his mother!"

Her limbs stiffened rigidly, and her pale face was as white as if it had been carved in alabaster.

"His mother!" she murmured, and the words had a hollow sound.

He was surprised at the effect he had produced.

"Another chance shot, but it seems to have struck home," he told himself.

He resolved to follow up his advantage.

"His mother!" he repeated, pointedly.

"Oh! surely you cannot think that?" she responded, huskily.

He saw her clutch at the back of the chair near which she was standing, as if a sudden weakness had seized upon her frame.

"You look ill," he cried; "pray be seated."

"It is nothing," she faltered; but she slid into the chair, and rested her right arm upon the table. He could see the powerful effort she was making to recover her composure.

"Shall I bring you a glass of water?" he inquired, solicitously.

"No, nothing—leave me," she answered.

"This is a sudden lassitude—caused by the heat of the weather. It will soon pass away."

"Down to the den of these young thieves. Ten chances to one we shall find them enjoying a regular blow-out, at your expense."

"I am afraid we will not find much of the money left," replied Clinton, as they proceeded on their way.

"Well, I must confess our hope of recovering the money begins to look shady—quite sha-dy," rejoined Pickles. "But there's no help for that—if they've spent it you can't get it back, though we can send them up for it. I am more anxious, though, to find out what has become of our bold Fergus."

"So am I; for I fear he has got into trouble. The thought worries me because it was on my account."

"Never worry; life is too short; take it lively. Care killed the cat! If Fergus is in a scrape we'll get him out of it—we'll get him out—sure pop!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 309.)

ONLY?

Only a withered violet?
Ah! there's more than the world knows

In the outside she gave it
As I gazed on her face so fair,
When her glad blue eyes were gleaming
With a love that was all for me;
While one little star looked down from afar
As we kissed 'neath the hawthorn tree!

Only a crumpled letter?
I've had it for twenty years,
And each glowing word is hallowed
By Memory's sacred tears.
And I'll have the love she gave me,
When first, in each browning line.

She laid it at my feet, with a grace so sweet,
A love that was half-dime,

Only a golden ringlet?
To the world it is nothing more!
But my soul it clasps in its glory
To the light of the days of yore:
And I thrill to its silken softness
In the depth of my lonely night,
When I think of the grace of a fair young face
Where lingered its golden light!

Only a long vision?
O'er it a sense of peace?
Well, well, 'twill be something better
When sorrow and pain shall cease;
So, I'll cherish these gifts she has left me,
And I'll render them up to her then;
My dream shall be fled, and my grief shall be
dead.

When her blue eyes gaze on me again!

Vials of Wrath: THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE
BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S
FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE BIRD AND SNAKE.

As if from some horrifying dream, Ethel suddenly awoke from her lethargic sleep, with a suddenness that was fairly a bound into life and consciousness and suffering.

For an hour after her husband had stolen softly away, leaving his kisses upon her cold, white face, and his prayers on her head, she had lain there, motionless as if carved from marble, with her breathing so faint and slow it scarcely heaved the silken coverlet that lay partly across her chest.

Once or twice Mrs. Argelyne had gone quietly in, with silent watch-care on her face and in her manner, and then as softly retired, leaving the girl to the mysteries of her dreamless sleep. Once Leslie had tip-toed through the hall, and listened outside the closed door for a sound that indicated life within, and then crept back again to the deserted dining-room, where the wedding-breakfast remained untouched, where the flowers were fading, where the chairs stood desolately vacant.

When Ethel awakened, it was so sudden, so abruptly, that one would have been startled had they seen her great dark eyes open, widely, staringly, without a single premonitory hint of yawn, or stretch, or sigh.

She was alone when she recovered from her deep, stupid sleep—alone with her agony, that, though blunted and dulled by the opiate she had taken, was nevertheless there, grim, indisputable fact. There was not that look of mortal terror in her eyes that there had been before she slept, but in its stead was a horrified surprise, a pitiful despair and desolation that was repeated by the expression of her face.

For several minutes she lay wide awake, her big dark eyes fixed on the wall opposite the foot of the bed, a stony calmness seeming to creep perceptively over her, and to intrill her in its quiet, forcible hold.

Then she threw back the covers, in a mechanical sort of way, and got slowly out of the bed, as if her very joints had stiffened in horror.

She gathered up her hair in a large, loose knot, and pinned it at the top and back of her head; then she began dressing herself, her hands trembling so she let pins fall, one after another, and often missed buttoning her garments, only to try again with the strangely stolid patience that seemed part of her.

She did not hurry, or purposely delay; she went on with her toilet until everything was complete, and then, with a weary sigh, sunk down in her little blue-cushioned rocking-chair beside the fire, shivering with cold, though the day was balmy as June.

"It is so strange, so passing strange," she murmured to herself, as she rocked slowly to and fro, her eyes fixed on the smouldering coals in the grate. "It seems as if I bring a blight wherever I go—poor me, who am always in the wrong place."

She glanced around, as if half expecting to see Frank Havelstock start from the dim shadows of the recesses.

"It will hurt poor Leslie so much if ever he learns it all—and Mrs. Argelyne—dear Mrs. Argelyne, who has been a mother to me. If I only could undo it all. If I only could. But I can't—I can't!"

She sprung up from the chair if the very idea of her position hurt her. She paced the floor with quick, light footsteps, wringing her hands in helpless misery.

"I did not mean to do wrong—God knows I have been guiltless—I—the wife of two husbands! How strange it is!"

She paused in her nervous promenade as if to more fully take in the import of her own words. Then she laughed—a low, weird, hysterical laugh, frightfully devoid of mirth.

She twisted her ring on her cold finger—the diamond one Leslie had given her; then she slipped it off, suddenly, with a low, anguished cry.

"How dare I stay here and wear his ring under his aunt's roof?—I, the woman who has committed a crime for which they can put me in prison!"

She was growing strangely excited now. Her eyes glowed unnaturally, her breath came in short, rapid gasps, and she gazed on the gems in her hands.

"It is all such a mystery! It dazes me and bewilders me when I think Frank is still alive. What does it mean? Am I right in my horrid conjectures of the truth that he took this means to rid himself of me? And I his wife—no matter what he is to me. I am his wife in the sight of God and man."

She repeated the last words in a slow way, as if riveting them in her memory.

She was herself now. As fast as her quivering hands would permit her, she changed her dressing-gown for a plain black cashmere that hung in her wardrobe—one of the dresses she had worn when she thought herself a widow.

She fastened a cashmere sacque around her, and pinned a veil of double thickness over her little straw hat; she hastily transferred her pocket-book to her pocket, and then, hanging Leslie's ring on a pin in her toilet cushion, with a reverence and affection that was touching.

"To save his name—of which he is so justly proud; and because—oh, God pity me! I am not his wife! and I love him so!"

Her low, passionate wail smote no ears but her own; and no one saw the look of utter desolation in her eyes as she turned them slowly, in a sweet glance, around the familiar room.

"It will kill me, I think, and yet I did not die before, when I thought my heart was breaking. If I can only get away from him—from Leslie, before I see the reproach in his face, and hear the anger in his voice, because I have deceived him—not! I have not deceived him; I am sure I have not! Somehow, I can't quite comprehend."

She drew her hand over her forehead in a thoughtful, puzzled way, then lowered her veil again, and started for the door.

She opened it cautiously, and peeped out in the dim halls, not yet lighted. She heard no voices, as she listened, half frightened, half in a delirium of pain and emotion; then, she sped noiselessly down the steps, and into the lower hall.

She paused a second, seeing the trunks she had packed and Leslie strapped, standing in mute mockery of her situation. She saw no one in the little reception-room, or in the large shadowy parlors, but from the dining-room came the sound of subdued voices in earnest conversation.

Instinctively she strained her ears to catch the farewell sound of the voices she so loved, leaning, as she listened, heavily on the bronze Ceres at the foot of the stairs.

"I will go up in a moment again, aunt Helen, and if she is not awake, I—"

It was Leslie's voice she heard, as she clung with anguished grip to the cold arm of the statue—Leslie's dear voice for the last time!

She heard a movement in the dining-room, as if some one was coming, and in a panic of horror and fear she rushed noiselessly over the perfect face, and a freezing pain came to the eyes—and Mrs. Ida Lexington and Mrs. Georgia Lexington went on from Ethel's sight.

As the coupe drove on, Ethel gave a little sigh.

"What a sweet face—what a tender, loving face!"

Vincy glanced out, but did not see Georgia; then took his watch hastily out.

"Mrs. Havelstock, you have completely unnerfed me. I cannot comprehend all you have told me, so suddenly, and I cannot listen to more if you desire to catch this train. Can you postpone your trip and give me time to think? May I offer you the hospitality of my house for to-night? My wife and sister will make you welcome, I am sure; while as a friend of your husband, I think I am the most suitable counselor you can have."

He never blushed when he met her honest, truthful, soul-sad eyes. He spoke as pleasantly, as frankly as Leslie Verne himself could have spoken, and there was no reason why Ethel should have doubted him.

His wife and sister! Ethel felt a pang of almost jealousy of them, happy and content in their quiet home.

"I will go, Mr. Vincy. Until to-morrow I will not materially interfere with any of Mrs. Vincy's plans."

"I am sure you will not; and this evening we will talk over your misfortune, and take my wife into our confidence."

"I was going to the hotel near my old home, in the vicinity of Tanglewood, but to-morrow will do just as well. Or, I may alter my plans to-morrow."

She managed to walk several blocks, and then, panting and trembling, paused a second to hail the first passing coach.

She had been waiting only a second, feeling faintly faint and dizzy, and wondering in a vague sort of way if the best thing that could happen her would not be to die, when a gentleman, walking slowly along, half-paused as he passed her with an inquiring, respectful way a gentleman would naturally manifest if he was not sure whether he had met an acquaintance or not.

Ethel merely glanced at him, not so much as observing his appearance or manner; then, in a second after, turned suddenly in a panic of affright at a voice close at her elbow.

"I beg pardon if I am mistaken. But is not this Mrs. Frank Havelstock?"

A low, courteous question, accompanied by a bow, and followed by a respectful silence.

Ethel's heart stood still for an instant. A sick fear crept swiftly over her at the inopportune recognition; then, natural surprise as to the identity of her questioner or follower.

Before she had time to collect her thoughts, the gentleman spoke again.

"I hope you will not regard me as an intruder. I am Carleton Vincy, your husband's friend and your own. You will permit me to inquire of your health?"

Carleton Vincy! Ethel's heart leaped again. What strange coincidence was this, that she should meet the only friend she had known in those other weary days?

"I am well. Mr. Vincy—so far as my body is concerned. But sick with a heart ail you will be horrified to know. You were a friend of Mr. Havelstock's—as such I want to ask you several questions."

An odd greeting, but to Vincy, who knew all the preceding events, and who had watched Mrs. Argelyne's door all that afternoon for Ethel to pass through it, as he was sure she would, there was nothing curious in it.

"I am going to the Grand Central depot, Mr. Vincy. If you will ride with me I will be much obliged. I must see you at once."

Vincy hailed a passing coupe, smiling at the delightful way in which Fergie was playing directly into his hand.

"You make me feel somewhat uncomfortable, Mrs. Havelstock. You act and look as if something had happened."

He watched the convulsive working of her features with the same sensation of curious interest he had experienced months before when he had been the bearer of living news.

"Something has happened."

She was shivering as with an ague fit; her dark eyes were glowing like smoldering fires, and her face was wan and pale. Yet, she was gloriously beautiful, with a sweet, truthful earnestness of manner that perfectly enchanted him.

He looked at her with an expression of wonder on his face, and pity for whatever it was, in his eyes. Ethel saw both, and felt a faint thrill of satisfaction that there was one person in all the world she could talk to on the pitiful topic.

Almost instinctively, she leaned across the carriage, and he felt her hot, hurried breathing on his face, and saw the anguish terror in her eyes.

"He is not dead—I saw him face to face this morning!"

She said it in a shrill whisper, and Vincy started in amazement.

"What! you can be talking of but one man in the world—you can't be meaning—"

He paused purposefully, to make her finish her confession.

She nodded.

"Yes—Frank Havelstock! he is not dead—and you told me—you brought the news and showed me what I believed were the proofs."

She looked in his eyes, and for one instant he wondered if she suspected his complicity in the affair. Her next words reassured him.

"That is why I was glad to meet you, Mr. Vincy. I wanted to ask you if you know what it all means."

Vincy sat as if in a stupor of amaze. Finally he spoke.

"You have petrified me, Mrs. Havelstock. I cannot believe you—Frank alive!"

Ethel sunk back with a weary sigh.

"And it is so dreadful that I never want to see him again—never!"

Vincy gave a well-simulated expression of profound astonishment.

"Mrs. Havelstock!"

"It is true—I believe he deserted me, for what reasons only himself knows. I believe the whole story of his death was a well-contrived farce, that deceived you as well as I. I think I have learned to despise him as much as I loved him."

She spoke with the calmness of despair as she leaned her head against the window, Vincy's eyes fairly devouring her face.

The carriage was passing slowly along among the crowd of vehicles, and at length stopped for one second just abreast of an elegant barouche, driven by a coachman in liveries, who held his prancing horses well.

Just one moment were the carriages abreast, and while Vincy never removed his fascinated gaze from Ethel's sweet face, she glanced carelessly at the two elegantly-dressed ladies who sat on the back seat.

They were both looking at her—one, an insipid pretty girl, whose big gray eyes were full of jealousy and contempt; the other, a face of wonderful beauty, with the seal of suffering on the patient face, and a sad smile on the piti-ble lips—as if there was suddenly established a mysterious, magnetic link between Ethel's sultry face and the lady's own.

Then, as the barouche moved slowly on, the elderly lady glanced at Vincy, casually; and Ethel saw a deathly pallor surge whiteness over the perfect face, and a freezing pain come to the eyes—and Mrs. Ida Lexington and Mrs. Georgia Lexington went on from Ethel's sight.

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The Miner Hero!

Dr. Wm. Mason Turner's beautiful and pow-erful story,

The Masked Miner,

commences in No. 318: a story alive with the incidents of mining life, and depicting the romantic career of a mysterious worker in the world within a world. It is more novel, new and interesting, in nature of incidents and the characters employed, than any thing yet offered approaching its peculiar field. Dr. Turner's intense style of narrative has here a motif that demands all his fervor of expression. The MASKED MINER is a noble portraiture, whose singular history and the meshes drawn around him, and the part a woman plays in the exciting drama, render the romance one of thorough enjoyment to all classes of readers.

Sunshine Papers.

The Carnival Season.

"There's winter on the hills to-day.
The sad wind sighs o'er churchyard knolls,
And weary nature seems to say,
'Tis Lenten-tide for sinful souls."

So Lent was ushered in among our northern hills and along our bleak Atlantic coast; and, indeed, all the week that followed Epiphany, ending with Ash Wednesday, was flaked with snow, incased in ice, and bannered with somber clouds. But in another part of our land the weather was far different; and the week preceding Lent was all that the gayest devotee to high carnival could wish.

And, during that week, high carnival was held in several of our Western and Southern cities; for the carnival season seems to be gain in public favor, and many towns are adopting its customs, and intensifying, if possible, its poms and magnificence. But in New Orleans, where these revelries are as much of an institution as in Venice or Rome, is the place to behold and understand the import of carnival—that to many, perhaps, is almost a meaningless word. But before I ask my readers to accompany me, in mind, to the Crescent City, to look upon its scenes of revelry, let us see whence these yearly festivities originated.

The mediæval Latin word for carnival was *carnelevamen, cornisprivitum*; and is either derived from *carnis* and *cavare*, *farewell to flesh*, or from the Italian *carne* and *avallare*, *to swallow flesh*; be that as it may, the sumptuous feasts of this season but herald a time of strict fasts and entire abstinence from flesh-food. The carnival is incident to Roman Catholic countries, but owes its origin to pagan celebrations; and its sometimes scandalous orgies have been a source of grievous trouble to many pious Catholics. The carnival season commences the day after the Epiphany and ends with Ash Wednesday, and is a period exclusively of banqueting and merriment. The Greeks have a similar time of gaiety, previous to their Lent, which they call *Apoecros*; and the Yule feasts of the Saxons were somewhat of the same order, as were the Roman feasts of Lupercalia; indeed, from these latter it is not unlikely that the carnival is an outgrowth. If so, the origin of the carnival revelries may be traced back to seven centuries previous to the Christian era—to the death of Romulus, when the Romans ranked him among the twelve great gods, and instituted yearly festivals in honor of the she-wolf (*Cupsa*) that suckled him. These Lupercalian festivals came, afterward, to be held in honor of the god Pan, who was the god of shepherds, and huntsmen, and all inhabitants of the country. They commenced on the Fifteenth of February, and were celebrated at Lupercal, a place at the foot of mount Aventine—one of the seven hills upon which Rome was built—sacred to this god. It was during the time of these feasts that Marc Antony offered the crown to Julius Cesar that is referred to in Shakspeare's great play.

And so the carnival week, with its drinking and feasting, its masquerading and dancing, its pageantry and music, its entertainments and processions, its revelry by day and night, its display of color and beauty and fashion, its excess of mirth and excitement and pleasure, has come to take the place of the old pagan festivals; though, even yet, some traces of the mythological age cling about the time, in that two ancient gods, Comus and Momus, the god of feasting and revelry and nocturnal entertainments, and the god of pleasantries, are the presiding genii of the carnival.

While we of the North have shivered indoors through gray, dismal, stormy weather, our beautiful Southern sisters—and the ladies of New Orleans are justly celebrated as being among the most beautiful and graceful in the world—have rejoiced in charming days, atmosphere softly cooled by gentle zephyrs, nights hung with canopies of azure, and fretted with star-gems, and air ever heavy with the fragrance of countless orange trees, displaying at once golden fruit and pale blossoms amid their glossy foliage, and the odors of magnolias, roses, and violets, blooming in hundreds of gardens. Pale, pure orange-blossoms, sweet, modest violets!

To know New Orleans in carnival time, you must imagine the grandest weather, and a lovely southern clime; you must remember that the entire city puts on its holiday attire, that homes and stores and streets are decked in gala brightness, that hotels and private residences are thronged with visitors, that Comus and Momus rule the hours, and that mirth and amusement are the orders of the day. This is the favored time for fairs, and expositions, and exhibitions. Theaters are open day and night, and the performances are the most attractive that can be arranged. The

days are devoted to visits, and dinners, and *fêtes*, and the nights to music and feasts, and dancing. Think of the Academy of Music, St. Charles' Theater, Varieties Theater, Globe Theater, and the Opera House, open for noon matinees, evening performances, and midnight balls, every day—Sunday inclusive—with variety entertainments, French plays, "Two Orphans," Edwin Adams, grand reception to Paul Boynton, the Chanfrau, Von Bulow, and fancy masked balls among the lists of amusements! And then the pageants! I might use reams of paper and yet I never could produce upon the minds of those who have never witnessed them, any realization of the gorgeousness, the art, the elaboration, the beauty, the magnificence of the fairy-like spectacles presented in the wondrous processional display of the Knights of Momus upon the fourth day of the carnival; nor of the marvels of the Royal Pageant under the command of King Comus; nor of the brilliancy of the balls upon the last night of February and the carnival, Mardi Gras night!

Invitations, elegantly gotten up, and engraved with garlands of flowers, festoons of grapes, sheaves of golden wheat and rice, balls of snowy cotton, and the chariot of Momus, were issued by the Knights of Momus to their grand tableaux and ball at the Opera House. This was preceded by the march of the marvelous pageantry, led by Momus in a chariot drawn by four white horses abreast; and it seemed that a nation, instead of a city, were represented upon the thronged balconies and steps, and in the sea of human faces that lined the street and were upturned in white waves along the boulevard. And everywhere were music, and fashion, and beauty, and laughter, and floods of brilliant light. At the Opera House the masked processionists, each representing some flower, fruit, vegetable, or staple—the parts taken by gentlemen of the *élite* of the city—gave three beautiful tableaux, the last one including the entire ninety-two gentlemen of the procession. At midnight the dancing commenced, and the characters were privileged to choose from the audience, as partners for the first two dances, any ladies they wished; but after the second dance the maskers vanished, to reappear shortly in evening dress. The disguise of the maskers is so complete that wives fail to recognize husbands, and sisters brothers. Of course the fair dames and maidens are tortured with curiosity, but it is often months before it is satisfied. The dancing lasts until four or five o'clock in the morning.

Even more gorgeous, if possible, were the spectacles upon the last two days of the carnival; and the god of revelry seemed, indeed, to animate the entire brilliant populace that filled to excess the streets of the fair Crescent City. The pageants were fairly bewildering in their display of triumphal cars, embazoned chariots, embossed trappings, lovely flowers, gorgeous robes, and enchanting devices. And, last of all, the grand Mardi Gras ball! with its blaze of light and color intensified in priceless jewels and reflected from hundreds of soft eyes; its perfumes, and confusions of joyous voices, and sumptuous toilets, and seductive music; its mad enjoyments and blissful, never-to-be-forgotten hours, over which King Comus cast his bewitching glamour; whirr, and music, and love-making—and then good-bys.

Mardi Gras is passed. The Lenten-tide has come. High Carnival is over for another A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

MORNING CALLS.

MRS. A. drops in to pour into your ear all the troubles and miseries she experiences in her home—how things are wasted, and that, if any one has trouble in this world, she has. The butcher and baker raise the price and reduce the weight of their articles. She never has time to get a chance to see the new goods at the store until numerous dress patterns have been cut from them, and then they'd be "so common" no one would want to put such things on, and so she has to go looking like a dowdy and clothed in rags. Now, she wears a camel's hair shawl, and that doesn't seem very dowdyish, but those who are pretty well off are generally the ones to grumble at hard times and complain of their poverty. How would they feel if they had real poverty to contend with? But Mrs. A. does truly think her lot in life is a hard one, and she is bound to let every one else know that she thinks so; that gives her something to talk about when she is making her morning calls. If you happen to remark on some other people's misfortunes she will invariably say: "Their lot may be hard but it isn't a circumstance to what mine is."

Mrs. B. is quite a gushing creature, and she mixes up her speeches with "dears," "darlings," and "sweetests" and rattles on to her heart's content, never pausing to take breath or to let you get a word in edgeways. She is extravagant in her praise. The new styles of hats are "heavenly." Booth's acting is "glorious." The concert was "just bewitching." Kellogg's singing is "angelic." The new clergymen's side-whiskers are "enchanting" and his hands are "exquisite." You can almost forgive her for running on at such a rate when she is so good-natured, and really believes she is entertaining you by her remarks, but of what real benefit they are you are at a loss to imagine. She kisses you at parting and says you "are just the dearest, blessedest soul in creation;" but as she has said the same thing to every one else she has visited, you take it for what it is worth.

Mrs. C. calls because she considers it to be her bounden duty to do so, and to let you know how the heathens are suffering in foreign lands, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to attend to your household when the cry of the pagan comes from across the sea and ought to sink into your heart, and those bitter, scalding tears ought to turn your thoughts from vanities, and luxuries, and open your pocket-book and let her have some money. Then she weepeth, and her grief is about as genuine and heartfelt as the tears that Mark Twain shed over the tomb of Adam. Why, oh, why, when these societies want our money, do they send such weeping willows to get it from us? Why do they inflict us with such dofle personages who wear such lugubrious countenances and use such groans in their conversations? It may be because they think we will give them money if only to get rid of them. That may be their policy.

Mrs. D. comes in, all of a flutter, with anger darting from her eyes as though something had gone wrong with her and she wanted to tell some one what the trouble is. Her anger is vented on editors this time, and she scolds the whole fraternity and will not allow that they have one merit under the sun. In her eyes they are a most partial, mean and senseless set, and their papers a mass of nonsense—printing poor articles and declining those of genuine merit. We soon enough learn the cause of her discomfiture: She has had an article "respectfully declined" by one of those same editors. Had the manuscript been ac-

cepted I suppose the editor would have been little less than an angel, because we are apt to think that those who favor us are perfection and those who do the reverse are exactly the reverse.

Mrs. E. runs in to tell us that "it wasn't a false alarm about her babe; the youngster actually had cut a tooth;" and of "all the teeth in the world that was the cunningest," and Mrs. E. is so happy that she can scarcely contain herself, and she seems to think an extra edition of the newspapers should be issued and Congress order an extra special holiday to commemorate the event; and she wonders that you do not appear to take the same interest in the event that she does. I don't know but she may think you are heartless because we don't go into the seventh heaven of ecstatic delight over that wonderful tooth.

So they come, day after day, and we are compelled to listen to this chatter with as good a grace as possible because we don't want to appear rude, yet, all the while, we think our time might be more profitably employed. When they have left us, and we endeavor to remember what they have said, we cannot make out what it has amounted to, and we think how much more pleasure we should have derived from the perusal of a good book or paper.

When morning calls are so conducted as to be cordial, neighborly and pleasing, I shall speak a good word for them, but there must be an "entire change in the programme" first.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Premiums.

WHEN I was the editor of the celebrated *Sentimental Weekly, Aurora Umbrella*—I mean *Boreas*—paper that had, in its list of contributors, more long names parted in the middle and doubled up at both ends with a flourish than any other paper living, dead or dying—I found that it would be a very agreeable thing to offer premiums to subscribers. This was the first paper that ever did such a thing, and I am proud to say that no other paper ever since has offered such liberal inducements to subscribers.

The consequence was that the paper arose to such an enormous circulation that the supply exceeded the demand—I mean to say the demand exceeded the supply, and I had to offer premiums to people not to subscribe; I got so rich that at one time I began seriously to think about paying my debts.

Here is my premium list, renowned for its rareness, fairness and squareness.

One elegant chromo, entitled "The Dead Cat." This picture retails in any store for fifteen dollars. It is such a beautiful picture of still-life that on first thought you want to catch it by the tail and throw it over into your neighbor's yard. No picture of the same size ever had half the value on it as we have put upon this. It is just the thing to put over a stovepipe hole in the summer when you take your stove down. The only fault critics can find with it is that it was taken a little too long after the cat had died. It is true to life—or death rather. Subscribe.

One volume of Patent Office Reports, which will afford entertaining reading for the long winter evenings and stir the hearts of the whole family to admire the greatness of our country. The plot is exceedingly intricate and the figures all well drawn, and the end of it is thrilling in the extreme. Elegantly bound—to please.

One picture of the editor. This was taken while he wasn't looking, and of course is not strained. He is scratching his head, but only means that he is hunting for ideas. His nose is turned up on the scent of the beautiful and the ink spilled over the bosom of his shirt indicates that he is an inkling and has an inkling of something good for his columns. This portrait is fit to be sent to correspondents who desire to exchange photos, or can be tacked up over the door to keep ghosts away, or laid on the cupboard shelves to eradicate little red ants.

One elegant set of China fashion-plates; gilt edged.

One napkin-ring, warranted by the editor to be silver-plated. It has got to be so that no one tells the real truth about these things any more.

Six hundred deeds to a fine corner lot in Brooklyn—the deeds are bogus but the lot is good.

One very-handled, three-ply pocket-handkerchief, with legs of cast-iron and warranted to stand a pressure of forty pounds to the inch without fracturing.

Photograph album which will hold fifty pictures two weeks without getting tired before it begins to get its back up and winkle its lids; or its leaves get over ripe and begin to fall. They are highly embossed, but that is the only way they ever bossed.

One elegant sugar-coated box of pills.

An imitation of the little hatchet with which Washington cut the cherry-tree and didn't lie and scratch his back on the gravel after he had told his father about it. The editor begs to retain a few of them for his own use.

An elegant knot-hole which was in a board on the fence behind which the Americans fought at Concord. The board was destroyed by fire but the knot-hole was put out while burning by a bucket of water and fortunately saved.

One nasal Douche.

Box of Porous Plasters, warranted to draw the stiches out of your side, or out of any coat which you want to make over.

One chrome representing the north-east section of midnight seen through the bottom of a black bottle.

Elegant silver-mounted load of stove-wood; sent by mail to all parts of the United States, postage prepaid.

One fine genuine pearl, well set; one glass of pearl upset.

Sett of Britannia service; and Britannia is bound to serve us some day.

One elegantly-stringed harp—lot of elegantly-stringed beans.

Box of real, bona-fide imitation gold pens, warranted to write righteously right in all languages.

Checker-board with checkers, with which you can checker your life if not already checkered. If your wife is extravagant you can checker simultaneously with them.

Fine chromo of a Brick which can be worn in your hat and answer the purpose of the old-fashioned kind. All sizes.

Bottle of water from the Fall of Babylon.

In fact we propose to give our subscribers anything that is valuable, even if it has to be the best licking they ever had or the measles.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, Proprietor.

Topics of the Time.

—A man residing near Santa Fe, New Mexico, is said to own 80,000 head of cattle, which roam over 16,000 sections of land. He can fill an order for 30,000 to 40,000 calves upon ten days' notice by telegram from the East, and to guard his immense herd he employs one hundred boys and as many trained horsemen. In Texas, we learn, that a few individuals are rapidly monopolizing the business of cattle growing and driving. One firm in southwest Texas has over 200,000 acres of land under its control, over which its vast herds feed, and they fill orders at any moment for a thousand head of bullocks.

—A Detroit lawyer gave the following advice to a young man who had entered his office as a student: "Be polite to old people, because they are growing up to a cash basis. Work in with reporters and get puff." Go to church for the sake of example. Don't be afraid to go to the theater, and don't even look at a girl until you can plead a case. If you can follow these instructions you will succeed. If you cannot, go home to be a doctor and kill your best friends!" Very good advice, as far as it goes. It should have added: Make it your business to make trouble. Never settle a case so long as there is money to keep it in court. Don't have any abstract reverence for truth. Make whatever you take hold of pay, first, yourself, next the opposing counsel, next the court officials, next the press, and the client always a last consideration. This is it that makes the successful "practitioner" in the modern sense.

—The glory won by the Prince of Wales in the elephant hunt has been dimmed. He has killed a tiger. From the thrilling account of the affair sent by "Bull Run" Russell to the London Times, it appears that the Prince boldly took his stand at the upper window of a two-story house, surrounded by a high wall, and fearlessly awaited the tiger, which the beast were sent to do him in. The "beasts" performed their task admirably; the ferocious beast was driven within an easy range of thirty yards; the gallant Prince rested his gun on the window sill and fired twice, the second shot hitting the tiger over the eye. Then the Prince came down stairs, mounted an elephant and followed the tiger until he got two more shots at him, which finished him. Singular as it may seem, the Prince escaped without a scratch.

—We have several times answered correspondence regarding going to the Black Hills to dig for gold, and have always discouraged the attempt. This, from a Glenwood, Iowa, paper, is written by a man who "has been there," and knows of what he speaks: "I went to the hills in full confidence of success, backed by \$350 in my pockets, and after laboring six weeks, came back without a cent. I am thus candid because I desire to warn others from attempting a fruitless and dangerous enterprise." It is only the wise who profit by others' experience. This paper probably will see a grand rush for the Black Hills, both from Bismarck on the Northern Pacific Road, and Cheyenne, on the Central Pacific, to the Missouri river, at Sioux City.

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ABLE TO PAY.

BY JAMES HUNTERFORD.

"Put money in thy purse."—SHAKESPEARE.
"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."—HOLY WRIT.

A man may be even as Solomon wise,
As learned as the Chevalier Crichton himself;
His lessons of wisdom the world will despise,
Unless he is backed by possession of pelf.
But heed they, as if it were a rich booby may say,
Each idiot finds a rich booby may say,
Though close as a miser, enough 'tis for them
To know that he is certainly able to pay.

The thief who steals little in prison is placed;
And kept there for years to atone for the crime;
His prospects are ruined, his name is disgraced,
And no one will evermore trust him in time,
But he whose vile Robbins are large in amount
May stand with his face in the light of the day,
Is honored and served as a man of account,
So much has he stolen, he's able to pay.

The gambler with power-stricken saloon
Not long is apted to find out the sport;
Debtors, too, I surely else we're soon,
And haul him for trial at once to the court
And yet, for the sake of good suppers and wines,
They'll perjure themselves for the man who in
play

Rob thousands and thousands by crafty designs;
By cheating so grandly, he's able to pay.

Who kills but one person with malice prepense
Is placed on the criminal list at the head;
His sentence is just, for this dreadful offence,
To be hanged by the neck, on the scaffold, till
dead.

But he who has hecatombs offered to death
Is a hero the hearts of the millions to sway;
In shouts to his glory the world pours its breath;
By honor reflected, he's able to pay.

Your sweethearts and friend will be faithful for
years

While friends or power shall illumine your life;
But if you're assailed by misfortunes or cares,
They leave you alone to the terrible strife.

New friend and new lover they seek from that
hour

Where life's golden sunlight shines bright on
the way.

Made pleasant by fortune or strengthened by
power

Such friendship and love are more able to pay.

But, e'en while the life of this world shall abide
The faithless will find that their pathway is hard;

And, when comes the next, for their falsehood
and pride.

Forever they'll verily have their reward.

While those who have looked for their guidance
abide.

Though humble on earth and though suffering
their way.

In the kingdom eternal—of truth and of love,
Will find the Almighty is able to pay.

The Men of '76.

Dan Morgan, the Virginia Wagoner.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRANDE.

Of the "heroes in the rough" evoked by the War of Independence, Dan Morgan, the Wincheste wagoner and fistcuff champion, is unquestionably one of the most deserving in the record of those to whom we owe our liberties.

Born in New Jersey, in 1736, he grew up without schooling, and indeed with but little training of any kind. He "struck out for himself" when seventeen years of age, by going to the vicin'ity of Winchester, in Virginia—then a wild region, where he entered into the business of "wagoning" between Winchester and Alexandria, on the Potomac. A boy of decidedly aggressive disposition, he was almost daily embroiled in what was, in those days, the common diversion of wrestling matches. These not unfrequently ended in a fistcuff fight, wherein Dan Morgan almost invariably came off "first best," and he became a kind of road bully, ready at a hint to fight any one who appeared. The number of authentic incidents of these encounters makes Morgan's biography enlivening reading.

The expedition of Braddock (June and July, 1755) against the French post at Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburgh) found Morgan a volunteer, driving his own team in the baggage train. As the country was a wilderness, destitute of roads, progress of course was difficult. A British officer coming upon Morgan one day, ordered him to move on, but, as the train had paused, Morgan replied that he would move as soon as he was able and not until then. The officer, irritated at the situation, declared that if the wagoner did not start his team he would run him through with his sword. That was enough. Dan's tongue gave a fierce reply, and the officer made a pass with his sword, to run the mutinous man through. Dan parried the thrust with great skill, with his heavy wagon whip; then closing with the officer, he wrested the sword from him, and breaking the blade he gave the Englishman a taste of the whip in the backwoods style. For this heinous offense the young wagoner was at once tried by court martial and sentenced to receive five hundred lashes—which were administered to the number of four hundred and fifty, when Dan fainted with the horrible punishment. This of course incapacitated him from further service on that most important campaign, and he was doubtless spared death in the ambuscade wherein Braddock and the majority of his troops perished, a few days later.

Washington saw in the resolute wagoner the "true stuff," and so recommended him that he soon had an ensigncy in the colonial service. If a very dangerous task was to be performed, Dan Morgan was chosen for it. He was once sent, with two companions, to carry dispatches to a fort on the frontier. When nearing it the savages fired on the party, killing the two men and shooting Morgan through the neck—the ball coming out through his jaw. Leaning forward on his horse he rode hard for the post, closely pursued by the howling red-skins, but reached the fort to fall insensible from his horse.

From this terrible wound he recovered in time, and the "Old French War" being ended he returned to his old vocation of wagoner, in Frederick county, Virginia, to become also once more a road bully and champion. So many were his encounters that the place where they usually took place was, until within a few years, called Battleton (now Berryville). This love for fist-fighting was cured in a characteristic way, as Morgan himself relates.

A gentleman riding along the road, one day, on horseback, had his hat knocked off by a tree-limb and dismounted to pick it up. Dan Morgan coming along at the time, "itching for a fight," jumped from his wagon and battered the stranger, who, of course, refused the challenge. But Dan was bound to "see which was the best man," the genteelly-dressed horseman or the rough wagoner; whereupon the stranger accommodated the bully, and soon knocked him out of time and good looks that Dan was, for the first time in his life, completely satisfied. It was his last battle with his fists.

At the first call for volunteers Dan responded. He was commissioned Captain of Provincial, and organized, out of his rough but brave companions, a company of riflemen, whose after history was so brilliant. They were every man of them, trained forest-

men. Their costume was the hunting-shirt and leggings of the true hunter. Ninety-six in number, they walked all the way from Frederick county to Cambridge, in Massachusetts, in three weeks' time—a distance of nearly six hundred miles!

To this splendid body of troops, led by one who was known to Washington as a man without fear, was assigned a place in the daring and terrible expedition against Quebec, under Arnold. [See sketch of Arnold for particulars.] Morgan at the head of his riflemen formed the vanguard. It was they who forced their way through pathless forests, over rugged mountains, passing rushing rivers, and frozen swamps, driven at times to eat their very dogs for food.

In the assault on Quebec the dauntless riflemen played a glorious part. Morgan was left in field command by Arnold's wound. On then he rushed to scale the ramparts. Up the ladder he sprang, to be followed by his equally daring men. But alas! they fought in vain. The brave Montgomery was dead—Arnold was wounded—the enemy was largely reinforced, and unsupported within the fortifications Morgan and all his men were compelled to surrender.

Such bravery was heroic. Though a "rebel" the English offered him a colonelcy if he would enter their service. But, he scorned the offer, and when finally released, in the exchange of prisoners, at Washington's personal request, Congress commissioned him a colonel, and he was assigned to a rifle brigade formed for special service.

This brigade soon became noted. In the campaign of 1777 it was in active service in New Jersey, greatly to the enemy's loss, for its almost unerring rifles laid many a Briton low. When Burgoyne came down from the North, having Indians in his army to assist in the work of slaughter, Washington dispatched the corps to Gates' army, that "Morgan might fight the Indians in their own way." In the first conflict (that at Stillwater, Sept. 19th, 1777) Morgan's men confronted the Canadians and Indians and effectually drove them back on the main army. On the great battle days on the plains of Saratoga, Morgan's men were always in the van, and contributed greatly to that final defeat which gave the Americans all the British army and its fine equipment of guns, material and trains.

Out of this campaign Morgan came so debilitated from exposure and over-exertion that he was wholly incapacitated for service, and he returned to his Frederick county farm. There he remained until the disasters to the Southern army drew him once more to the field. His name and fame, and a brevet-brigadiership given by Congress, placed him at the head of a fine light brigade. With this he accompanied General Greene to Charlotte, North Carolina, where the discouraged and disorganized remnants of Gates' troops then were. To repress the triumphant Cornwallis was a heavy charge; but, sustained by a will that never quailed, and having at call such men as Morgan, Marion, Sumpter, Lee, Huger, Pickens, he proceeded to redeem the South from British rapacity.

Morgan was advanced to demonstrate against the British position at Ninety Six, when Cornwallis dispatched the invincible Tarleton, with his splendid brigade, to force Morgan back or drive him to action. Morgan retreated with much caution until he reached Cowpens, where he chose a position in which to fight. Covered by a wood he formed his little brigade in three lines. Tarleton came on, confident, and became more so when the first American line finally broke under the heavy British charge. But Morgan, heading the second line, made a counter charge; at the same moment the American cavalry troop of Colonel Washington came down with a wild rush, and with splendid gallantry rode right into the British ranks. The enemy broke; then ran, and riding right and left, Washington's cavalry made the rout complete. Tarleton had a narrow escape from capture. His fine legion, so long the terror of South Carolina, was almost utterly destroyed or captured: ten officers and one hundred men killed, two hundred wounded, twenty-nine officers and five hundred privates prisoners, two field-pieces, eight hundred muskets, thirty-five baggage-wagons, one hundred cavalry horses—these were the British losses. Morgan had but twelve killed and sixty wounded—all owing to his splendid maneuvering.

To redeem this humiliating defeat, Cornwallis in person resolved to strike Morgan. Then commenced a retreat of masterly skill—Greene to save Morgan's command and effect a junction of all his forces at Guilford C. H., and Cornwallis to overwhelm the patriots before they could evade him. (See article on Greene.) The retreat was a success, but Morgan was forced by his old disease (rheumatism) to leave the service again. He retired to his farm once more, to come forth however when Lafayette asked him to take command of his cavalry in the siege at Yorktown, where he witnessed the second great surrender of the war, and then returned to his farm near Winchester, one of the honored men of the nation.

Washington greatly admired him; and, regarding him as an able as well as brave commander, wanted to assign Morgan to the command of the Indian Expedition of 1791, but was overruled, and the unfortunate General St. Clair made the expedition a most melancholy failure. He didn't understand "fighting the Indians in their own way" as Morgan did.

When the "Whisky Insurrection" broke out in Pennsylvania, in 1794, Washington sent Morgan to the "seat of discontent," with a strong body of troops. The rioters knew what that meant, and soon succumbed to authority.

Morgan was sent to Congress for two terms from the Frederick district, and served very creditably. He died at Winchester, July 6th, 1802, where his remains now lie buried, under a marble slab, whose inscription fittingly expresses his services and his truly admirable character. Though in early life a "rough customer," and all through the war a hard fighter and a hard sweater, he was not, as were so many men of that age, an infidel and scoff'er; but, even in his apparent recklessness, was a believer in the efficacy of prayer. He related to his pastor, Dr. Hill, of the Winchester Presbyterian Church, two occasions when he prayed for God's protection and help—on the dreadful night of the assault on Quebec and before the battle of Cowpens.

He Ki, a Chinaman, has fallen aptly into American political customs. He is a court interpreter in Virginia City, Nevada, and when the demand for his services is so light that he fears the abolition of his office, he goes at night into the Chinese part of the town, incites fights among his countrymen, and thus creates cases in which his interpreting is necessary. Besides that, he makes the testimony suit the highest bidder.

A True Knight:
OR,
TRUST HER NOT.

BY MARGARET LEICESTER.

CHAPTER VII.

TAKE CARE WHAT YOU DO!

It was a weird little figure that, as it stood in the darkening twilight between the sundered eddies!

He seemed a boy in years with his slender frame, his attenuated arms and shrunken limbs—the limbs of a child of six on the body of a half grown lad; he supported himself on two crutches; his clothes were torn and soiled; his head and feet were bare; a most forlorn and vagabond waif he was—but his face was the fairest that ever the sun shone on, and his long hair blew like ropes of gold in the salt-sea wind!

"Oh! the beautiful—beautiful boy!" gasped Maiblume.

George bent over the cripple, hiding him completely from her.

"What do you want here?" he asked, in a hurried undertone.

Maiblume heard no answer. Having recovered from her surprise at his sudden appearance, she advanced to see him closer; the glimpse she had had of his face piqued her curiosity and touched her sense of the romantic with a most indulgent air.

George met her half-way; in the gathering gloom he looked cold and unearthly.

"Leave him alone—don't go near him; don't speak to him," said he, in a strange voice.

"Why?" cried Maiblume, struck with amazement, and mechanically she tried again to see the object of her commiseration.

George seized her by the arm and almost roughly drew her to the other side of the projecting rock.

"Maiblume, dear, dear Maiblume," said he, in a voice of tragic entreaty, "let me ask you to leave this boy to me."

Astonished questions crowded to her lips, but seeing more clearly the awful pallor of the youth as he bent toward her, she sat confounded, looking silently at him.

"I dare not have you go too near him," continued George, confusedly; "there is danger to—to—It is best for you to remain here while I send him away."

Maiblume caught his hand as he was turning to leave her.

"What is this you say?" she cried, breathlessly. "Danger? I must not approach him? I see it all; he has some deadly infection about him, and you would expose yourself. Oh, George, don't go!"

The young man stood irresolute, gnawing his lip and pressing convulsively the little hand that had caught his.

A low, weary cry came from the other side of the rock, and he broke from her as if he had received an electric shock.

"Pardon me; I must go to him; but, for Heaven's sake, don't you stir!" he implored, and he darted away.

A moment afterward she heard him in tones she had never heard before, seeming to chide the poor waif bitterly for wandering about thus, homeless and friendless. The cripple answered, weeping, that he was homeless and friendless indeed, and would the gentleman for God's sake, take pity on him?

Then there was silence, and stepping from her covert to look with sucking alarm for George Laurie, she saw nothing but the rough plateau of foam-sprinkled stones, the long wave sweeping in with gurgling murmur, and the gray cliff towering high.

Horrified at this inexplicable disappearance Maiblume leaned dizzily against the stone, and for some moments fought off a hysterical desire to scream for help and the chill faintness which was stealing over her.

She covered her face with her hands, and it seemed but a moment after when, looking up, she saw George standing before her alone.

"You are frightened," said he, very gently; "come, sit down here and recover yourself."

He led her to a flat stone; then he stood before her, looking down, oh, so earnestly and yet so sadly upon her.

"Maiblume," said he, almost in a whisper, "I have acted like a madman this evening. He came to a full stop, choked with emotion.

"Who was that strange being?" asked Maiblume.

"Ask nothing," said George, beseechingly. "You know I would tell you everything if it was—if it was—Well, for you to know it."

She sat dumb and astonished before him, not knowing what to think.

"Forget the wait," said George, still more imploringly; "never mention him, never alude to him; drop him from your speech and memory as completely as if he had never been."

"You ask a strange thing," said Maiblume faintly. "Oh, that you would tell me why!"

"I can't tell," groaned George. "I dare not!"

A chilling silence fell upon both, and meanwhile the skies darkened and the waters gathered gloom.

"Why do you say you have acted like a madman this evening?" asked Maiblume, in a low voice fraught with pain.

"Because I have been foolish, impetuous and selfish," answered he, bitterly. "I forgot that any bar lay between you and me, and presumed to offer—Oh, chase this from your memory too, Miss Verne; forgive my presumption, and forget it!"

She sat like a stone, her white face gleaming through the dusk; it seemed an eternity till she recollected herself, and with a little shiver rose from her low seat.

"Let us be friends, George, as we have been," she said, in measured tones. "I grant both your requests, and will forget both the occurrences of to-night. Now take me back to Papa! Yet wait—here is a handful of Coila's dulce in this pool—so—that is enough—now come."

And so they walked back again side by side, but the wild flowers dropped dew-tears upon them, and there was no sound of chattering birds, and earth and sky seemed dim and cold—for the night was coming on.

The author and his secretary were in the study next morning busily employed as usual—the author marching to and fro, dictating with the voice of a general on the field of battle, while his secretary's pen moved swiftly and noiselessly over the fair white sheet.

The study was a dim, quiet room at the back of the cottage, lit from the end by a tall bay window, which looked out into a somber myrtle thicket, brightened here and there by some snow-white flowering shrub or the silvery leaves of prickly holly, whose roots were banked with scarlet geraniums.

The middle window was thrown wide that the gold-backed bee might flutter in and out, and the scent of unseen beds of mimosa, musk and verbena, might waft in to inspire the author.

As he marched about, Mr. Verne kept glancing ever and anon, somewhat sharply, at his young assistant, whose haggard, ill-slept looks and sternly-compressed lips betrayed a mind but ill at ease. At last he paused by George's side, and waiting until he had just finished the sentence, he slapped him on the back in his genial, hearty way, and, descending from his Pegasus, said, in his most prosaic tone:

"What in the world's the matter with you boy? I've been watching you all the morning. Something's on your mind, I could take my eye on't."

George, coloring deeply, laid down his pen and met his employer's eyes with ingenuous frankness.

"Something is on my mind," said he; "I've something to say which I fear will not be agreeable to you, and I've been puzzling my head all day to know how to say it."

"Oh, I'm concerned in the business, am I?" said the kindly author, drawing in a chair and sitting down close beside his young companion. "Tut! don't be afraid! Speak out. Whatever it is, you're in the right of it, I

father and daughter of their misplaced affection."

George raised his face; it was cold and white, but a brave smile was on his lips and his eyes flashed dauntlessly. He looked at his friend—great-hearted Verne who loved like a child and shrank like an angel from the ugliness of sin; he cast a last glance upon fair Maiblume, listening with white, parted lips and heaving bosom for his reply; and then he spoke distinctly, decisively.

"Honor forbids me to make the explanation required by Mr. Stanley. Mrs. Stanley reproved a confidence in me which she did not reprove in her husband—because I stumbled upon the truth and she could not help herself. I cannot betray her confidence—I will never betray it as long as God gives me strength to act a manly part by the dead."

A cry of derision burst from Stanley; Verne turned away with a gasping ejaculation; but George was deaf to both, for Maiblume had thrown up her clasped hands toward Heaven, lifting a face of wildest anguish, and was now flitting away among the shadows with bowed head and unsteady feet.

"Nonsense! dear Verne; be a man!" remonstrated Stanley, leading him to a distant lounge; "what is this miserable fellow that he should have the power to trouble you so? Put him back in his own place, or better still, dismiss him; I will engage to get you as competent a secretary and a more honorable one in a few days."

"Silence, Stanley! I can't hear you speak thus," exclaimed the author, sternly. "I never saw a man with God's truth written more plainly on his face. He may be rash and impulsive—brave hearts are often so; but my oath on it, he is incapable of treachery or vice."

"You are infatuated!" cried Stanley; "you are actually going to sacrifice your daughter to this person notwithstanding my warning?"

Verne writhed away from this Job's comforter and marched about the room, sighing audibly in the most disconsolate manner. At length he stopped in front of George, and eyed him with a yearning intentness.

"Boy, you really think it your duty to keep a secret of the late Mrs. Stanley's from Mr. Stanley?" inquired he.

"God knows that honor is the only barrier in the way of a full explanation," returned George.

"And the other thing you mentioned this morning—the mystery we laughed about," said the author, with glistening eyes; "is that connected with the same affair?"

"Please, dear, generous friend, ask me nothing!" whispered George, passionately. "Through no act of mine I am forced to deny my confidence on this and the other point. I can only beseech you to trust in my honor as you have always done hitherto."

"George," said the author, seizing his hand in a burst of confidence, "I could take you upon trust, I could believe in you whatever appearances said; but I dare not let Maiblume take you upon trust; you see?"

"I see too clearly, alas!" sighed George.

"You must clear yourself of these imputations and be able to stand up unblemished before the world, are I consent to your speaking to Maiblume," said Mr. Verne, very sadly; "she is my own child—my darling; don't think me cruel or unjust!"

"I can't think you that, Mr. Verne," replied George, profoundly affected; "some day, please Heaven, you will see that your great kindness has not been misplaced."

With a convulsive pressure of the author's hand, and a slight, cold bow to the sneering poet, George left the room.

While this interview was taking place in Mr. Verne's study, little Coila was tripping bare-footed among the periwinkles and sea-anemones, the foam-bubbles and the tangled heaps of sea-weed on the beach. Her broad straw hat was tipped jauntily over her radiant eyes; her long thick black hair, swung on the salt breeze, and her smart scarlet bathing-dress fringed and tasseled like any Turkish Sultan's, glowed in the noon sun.

Coila was making up her mind to adventure her "nice, warm, dry little body into the cold damp sea," and as this was usually a process of some duration, Maiblume had not as yet joined her, preferring to come in at the crisis, when, tremors and alarms over, made-music was singing mermaid songs in the sea.

How she laughed as she pressed her little pearl toes upon the tiny shells, not half so pink and smooth, and crushed the little wonders, occupants and all, into ruin. How she danced round the frightened crabs that tried to scurry into the sheltering pools of the big black rocks! How she brimmed with gleeful mischief, when, running out after the edge of the retiring wave, she sent up a cloud of startled sand-birds before her! Such a merry Thalia never danced along that solitary beach, I trow. She might have been a "water baby" come out of the rocks to play at being a human child!

All at once, dancing round a jutting rock, she tripped right over the sea-glass of a man who was lying upon his face behind the rocks, with his elbows buried in the sand, his chin on his palm, and his one eye fixed, with the gravity of a Solon, on the blank horizon.

"Mon dieu, monsieur! Ten thousand pardons!" cried the young lady recovering herself with French address and executing a ravishing little bow and smile.

The gentleman jumped up with a muttered: "By George! It is a real woman or a fairy!"

To which mademoiselle responded with a silvery peal of laughter—moving toward the sea, however, as if to escape therein, should his evident admiration take any more tangible shape than looks.

The gentleman was possessed of a sallow, coffee-colored complexion, silky black mustache and whiskers, prominent glistening brown eyes which had a trick of rolling in their sockets, and peeping at one out of their corners with a sly laughing devil in them, always ready to mock at one, whilst his curly lips issued only carefree jests and laughter. He had also long brown sinewy hands, which when he spoke, he placed meekly palm to palm, as if supplicating the forbearance of all who heard him. His general appearance was that of a gentleman in very free and easy costume—a gentleman who meant to enjoy his holiday and no nonsense about it.

"Madame!" said he, entreatingly; "stand there; don't move a muscle, I beg. I must sketch you, I never saw anything half so much worth sketching, and I believe the world knows something of Nowell Wylie's pencil, too."

"Ah, an artist!" murmured Coila, taking a step nearer and falling into a yet more ravishing pose.

"Delicious!" cried Mr. Wylie, seizing his pot olio, dumping down on the first rock and piping his crayon with immense gusto.

"Yes, I am an artist—a caricaturist—don't move for the world. I'm not caricaturing

you; that would be sacrilege! In return for your goodness, I must show you the contents of my portfolio—they'll amuse you I know, Ah, now I've caught your outline! Jehosaphat! It's nothing but beauty curves! May I trespass on your kindness a few moments longer? I should so much like to catch that inimitable expression. Do you know where a gentleman of the name of Verne lives? I have a letter of introduction to him, and I am such a confoundedly lazy fellow, that if I can find a thing out by asking, I always save my legs at the expense of my tongue."

"Monsieur Verne! Oh, my dear papa Verne!" exclaimed the little mademoiselle, looking archly at the queer artist. "Oh, certainly, Monsieur Artist, I shall myself conduct you to the retreat of Monsieur Verne."

"Thank you! thank you!" returned the gentleman, with admiring fervor, as he hastened to select a card from his very handsome gold-mounted card case. "You are, then, his daughter?"

"His adopted daughter," murmured Coila, looking down with an air of gentle sadness. "I am a homeless little French woman, a stranger in this great land of yours, but monsieur papa and mademoiselle ma soeur Verne, have taken me into their hearts, and I love—ah! I am devoted to them."

The artist stared at her; his big brown eyes blazed with unfeigned admiration.

"Jerusalem! She's an out-and-outter!" muttered he—"a perfect wench!" and he continued to stare point blank, apparently lost to all sense of propriety.

"Monsieur speaks!" said Coila, her little head on one side, and her coral lips apart in innocent expectation.

"Ahem! Yes!" said the artist, recovering himself. "Here is my card; and now, if you'll give me your name, I guess we'll commence our acquaintance on the square, and all the Grundies on the planet will find nothing to say."

Feebly his eyes opened. With difficulty he lifted his head. Every movement caused him intense pain. His limbs were bruised and sore, stiff as those of an aged man suffering from rheumatism.

Yet he lived—that thought was all the young man's dull brain could compass just then. Feebly wondering how it had all come to pass, he dragged his benumbed limbs out of the ice-cold water and curled himself up on the shore.

All around him was darkness. All? no!

He stepped down the wet sand, holding out the bit of card-board, and she, with fawn-like timidity, allowed him to come just near enough to hand it to her at arm's length; then,

with a piquette that scarcely left a mark upon the yellow floor, she skinned off to the lace-fringed skirt of the tide, and stood with her little pink feet imbedded in foam, demurely scanning his name.

"Charméd to make the acquaintance of Monsieur Nowell Wylie!" cried she, executing reverence, which, considering her lack of sweeping robes, was a marvel of stately grace. "My name is Coila De Voue. And now, if you will excuse me, I shall return very soon and show you the way to my parents' cottage." With this and a parting wave of her pretty hand, she flashed away like a little fire spirit, and was lost to the artist's view round the jutting rock; whereupon he re-seated himself; stuck his long hands between his knees, and elevating his quizzical eyebrows to the roots of his hair, fastened his great absurd brown eyes upon the heaving main, with a look which suggested anything but romantic reverie.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 313.)

WELL-A-DAY.

BY ARNOLD ISLER.

Once I was so young and happy,
Fresh and gay;
Dressed so well, fresh and gay,
Got good pay;
Passed away my hours of leisure.
On life's glassy sea of pleasure,
Until I fell in beyond my measure,
Well-a-day!

Once I met a pretty fairy,
Maggy May;
Graceful walked, stepping airy,
Well-a-day!
But the charming lit'le kitten,
Gave one eye to me the mitten,
Strange how cruelly hearts are smitten,
Well-a-day!

But I met another fairy
On life's way.
Dark-eyed, rosy-faced little Mary,
Bilie and gay;
And I learned to love her dearly,
For she chattered so sincerely,
We got married—ruined nearly—
Well-a-day!

Six small fairies, with mouths like cherries,
Full of play;
But this raising little fairies
Don't pay!
Sure man's life is full of trouble,
Every year his sorrows double,
Till he dies out like a bubble,
Well-a-day!

JACK RABBIT,

The Prairie Sport:

OR,
THE WOLF CHILDREN OF THE LLANO ESTACADO.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL-EYE," "YELLOW-STONE JACK," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

As the rock crumbled beneath his feet and he felt himself falling down—down through what seemed an immeasurable depth, a single wild, piercing shriek of horror was wrung from Pablo Raymon's lips. Only one—then he felt a severe shock and a sensation of extreme cold, as though he had been plunged into liquid ice, and his senses fled.

Whether this period of insensibility was long or short, he never knew. The first sensation he had of returning life was a sharp sensation of pain as his body was swept against a sharp, hard substance, and with the instinct of a drowning man he flung up his arms and clutched at the point of rock. Yet it was some minutes before he fully realized his situation.

He glared wildly around, but his eyes could discover nothing—all was darkness, the most intense. He raised his voice and shouted aloud, but only the dull, hollow echoes repeated. Even to his ears his voice was scarcely audible above the seething sound of water.

He knew that he had fallen from above, fallen down how far he did not know, to be plunged into a body of water cold as ice and with a rapid current. A subterranean river? Possibly. He sunk down until only his head was above water, but his feet could not touch bottom. The current tugged strongly at his body, adding its strength to the weight of the water-soaked clothes until the young hunter's arms began to ache and tingle, until his fingers were cut and bruised by the sharp edges of the flinty rock. He sought to raise himself entirely out of the water, but in vain. With the exception of the one projecting bit of rock, the wall beside him was smooth and perpendicular. A cat could not have scaled it. And all these struggles but served to hasten the moment when he must give way, must succumb to the never-ceasing grasp of the pitiless water—when he must release his hold upon the friendly bit of rock and go whither the rushing waters willed.

The thought was horrible enough, and the impenetrable darkness only added to its horrors. Death would be easier to face with open eyes—so he thought.

With the energy of despair Pablo maintained his grasp. The blood oozed from beneath his finger-nails. His arms felt numb and lifeless, and the grotesque fear grew stronger upon him—dread lest they should drop from their sockets and abandon his body to the mercy of the waters.

Then the moment came. Slowly, one by one, his fingers relaxed—the water tugged more fiercely upon his body; then, with a wild, gurgling shriek of despair, he sank beneath the surface.

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gushing in a stream from his breast, stricken down by a bullet from the eastern point of rocks.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SHARPSHOOTING.

The day broke clear and pleasant over the circular valley, lighting up the torn, trampled, blood-stained sward, the ghastly pile of dead Comanches and the bodies of Pawnee lying as they fell in the desperate fight. Shining over the grim silent survivors, many of whom bore bloody traces of the past night's work. Shining over the wild and rugged rocks upon every hand, looking down and commanding the "basin," revealing here and there a dark, nearly nude figure gliding among the boulders, or, in statuque silence as though standing guard over the snakechildren below.

From the highest peaks of rock still arose the tall, black column of smoke that told his scattered braves that the Mad Chief required their assistance. Keoxa smiled grimly as he noted these prairie telegraphs. Possibly they might serve a purpose of which Black Tiger little thought.

The sun was near an hour above the eastern horizon, when Tony Chew made his reappearance, his face firmly set and even more than usually stern. He had been among the rocks, and had learned beyond a doubt that Jack Rabbit was a prisoner in the hands of the Black Tiger. With a skill peculiarly his own, the dumb scout had crept nearer and nearer, half resolved to risk all upon one bold attack, and trust to setting Jack free under cover of the confusion; but he was not given the chance. Jack he did not get to see at all, but a few words of the Mad Chief gave him an inkling of the truth; then, as the gray light grew stronger, he cautiously retreated from his perilous position and rejoined his red allies.

Squatting down and smoking his pipe, the big borderer fixed his eyes upon the square platform-like ledge, which his scout had convinced him lay before the entrance to a cave or den in the rocks. His patience was not tasked long. His strong white teeth bit through the stem of his pipe, as several human forms appeared upon the ledge, prominent among them the figure of the giant chief, whose right hand rested upon the shoulder of a bound, bareheaded prisoner—Jack Rabbit.

In a deep, sonorous voice, Black Tiger hailed the party below, Keoxa glanced inquiringly toward Chew, who nodded shortly and motioned the young chief to reply.

Speaking in Spanish, Black Tiger added:

"There has been much fighting between the children of the Wolf and Serpent, much blood has been shed, and many scalps taken. Both have fought well, because they are men, and knew that they were facing men. That is well and as it should be. But, as there is time for fighting, so is there a time for peace."

"See! beside me stands a great warrior. His hand is very heavy, and his eye never fails him. The Pawnees will cover their heads with ashes whenever they hear his name. He is such a great warrior that he must be dear to the hearts of his friends. It would be a pity to doom him to the torture stake, to die by fire. Listen, then, while I point out the only way to prevent this."

The wolf-children had two captives, the other night, but you took them from us. That was fair—we do not complain. But now it is our turn. We hold a captive well worth twenty common braves. Yet we offer him in exchange for the two whom you took from us—for the old, worn-out man and the woman, his squaw. If you agree, all will be well. The wolf-children will take them and go away, and let you depart in peace. Refuse, and not only does this brave die at the fire stake, but not one of you will ever live to see your people again. I have said. The rest lies with you," concluded the Mad Chief.

"Tell him to go to glory, old man Tony!" abruptly shouted Jack Rabbit. "If you surrendered those helpless people for me, I'll curse!"

Black Tiger clapped a broad palm over the young scout's mouth and checked his further speech, holding Jack with resistless force, never flinching though the sharp white teeth met in his palm. And then, as the dumb scout flung forward the muzzle of his rifle, the Mad Chief raised Jack Rabbit bodily from the ground, and interposed his body as a shield as he hastily retreated toward the cave entrance.

Either fearing to trust his skill at that long range, or influenced by some other reason, Chew lowered his rifle and made a gesture of amity. Black Tiger paused, still shielded by the body of his prisoner, and cried:

"Lay aside your rifle and move away fifty yards from it, then I will listen to your answer."

Chew immediately complied, and then, with hands raised above his head, he made a few rapid gestures which were promptly translated by the young scout.

"I told you you might just as well spare yourself the trouble, old man. He says that I am a man, strong enough to take what is given me, and bear it as a man. That no one but a double-dyed coward and renegade would even dream of surrendering a woman into your hands. That is his answer, and I cordially endorse it—so do your level best and much good may it do you!"

Tony made a quick, impatient gesture, but if Jack had not rightly interpreted his mute speech, he was unable to undo the mischief. Yet Black Tiger noted the fact, and it evidently gave him hopes of his offer being accepted after all, and after consulting apart with two of his followers, he advanced alone to the edge of the rock and said:

"You have given your answer, and in doing so, have signed the death of your friend. But we are not impatient. We will wait until the sun touches yonder peak; if the exchange be not made before that hour, 'twill be forever too late."

Jack Rabbit was then bound securely to the trunk of a tree which grew close to the edge of the shelf, at its northern end. Directly in front of him, the rock fell almost perpendicularly for a dozen feet. To the rear rose the rocky hills above the cavern.

While this was being done, the dumb scout slowly moved his hands until Jack Rabbit slightly nodded his head in token of comprehension. Then Tony turned and strolled away as though at perfect ease in mind and body. Yet he was not idle. First approaching Senora Raymon, he made a motion as of one writing, and then, slowly tracing each letter, he made the lady aware of his plans, bidding her tell Keoxa what would be expected of him and his braves, when the moment of action came.

Whether the Pawnees observed the fact or no, during the next hour Keoxa and half a dozen picked braves, vanished from casual view. Yet a keen eye, if stationed in the

circular valley, could have made out these dusky figures, cautiously stealing along from rock to rock, as though trying to reach the captive unseen. But such was not their intention, since they finally halted when some sixty yards from the base of the ledge.

Not till then did Tony Chew make a move. After seeing that his red allies were duly placed, he, bearing his heavy rifle, glided along, then dropped suddenly behind a boulder, some seven score yards from where Jack was secured, and in a position where the young scout's profile was brought into full view.

To fully chime in with what follows, the reader must remember that this story is dated long previous to the days of Creedmoor and Dollywood, before long range shooting was brought to such a pitch of perfection, and when long range rifles with their marvelous qualities were generally regarded as "very like a whale." Then to "throw your meat cold" at two hundred yards, was a feat for boasting of among mountain men. Remembering this, the reader can understand how carefully the dumb scout made all his preparations, and how carefully each shot was aimed, with breathless interest he peered through the veil of blue smoke to note the effect. That is, after his first two shots, for they were aimed at the half-revealed forms of the Pawnee lookouts, and though they evidently had not been touched, the leaden missiles must not have passed far astray, for they henceforward kept their precious carcasses close hidden from the marksmen.

Then Tony set to work with nerves braced like steel. No yell of agony followed his shots, though he knew that he was performing his work right well—better even than he had dared anticipate.

What was he firing at? Well, had one of the Pawnees been in a position to have looked upon the northern side of the tree-trunk to which Jack Rabbit was bound, he would have noticed a round, yellowish spot where the bullet entered and laid bare the inner bark. And more: at the second shot he would have noticed how loose one of the turns of cord hung—would have seen the severed ends, and have read the riddle of those deliberate, single shots.

This was the task Tony Chew had set himself; at one hundred and forty yards, to sever one by one the rawhide thongs which held his comrade bound to the tree-trunk; when the width of these thongs are estimated at not more than a half-inch, the necessary degree of skill may be fully appreciated.

Tony had to exercise his judgment in more ways than one, as, if suspicion should be aroused before the right moment, all would be lost. Hence he divided his shots between the thongs, the lookouts and the entrance of the cave, though his position prevented his firing directly into the latter.

Besides this, he had to guard against severing one portion of the thongs entirely while another portion remained untouched, as, should a few turns drop entirely off, the Pawnees could scarcely overlook the fact.

Fortune favored him beyond his most sanguine hopes. Five of the seven turns of rawhide were completely severed, leaving only one turn just below Jack Rabbit's armpits and another one confining his knees. The sun had just passed the meridian, leaving him at least four more hours in which to work. And all this time none of the Pawnees appeared to suspect the real cause of the firing.

But now, whether his eyes were growing dim from the extraordinary strain upon them, or his rifle growing foul, Tony fired four shots at the lower turn without touching it. Then, hoping that Jack could kick the thong off, or burst it, when otherwise free, Chew took deliberate aim at the other thong and fired.

Blind with the report came a hoarse, angry yell, and leaping to his feet he saw Black Tiger appear with uplifted hatchet, darting toward Jack, who was bound only with one turn, all the other thongs having dropped at his feet.

Keoxa and his men fired, but too hastily, and the doom of the young scout, who was desperately striving to free himself, seemed sealed beyond all hope.

Like an echo came a clear, piercing scream, and a light, graceful figure followed Black Tiger, with outstretched hands. It was that of Mini Lusa!

Whether intentionally or not, she doubtless saved Jack's life by stumbling against her father and making him miss his aim. The force of that unresisted blow caused him to stagger against the scout, whose clenched fist alighted full upon his throat, the blow hurling him headlong over the ledge upon the rocks below.

At the same moment Mini Lusa stooped and a knife flashed in the sunlight. Then Jack closed her in his arms and leaped over the ledge, just as a score of Pawnees sprang toward him.

"Tell him to go to glory, old man Tony!" abruptly shouted Jack Rabbit. "If you surrendered those helpless people for me, I'll curse!"

Black Tiger clapped a broad palm over the young scout's mouth and checked his further speech, holding Jack with resistless force, never flinching though the sharp white teeth met in his palm. And then, as the dumb scout flung forward the muzzle of his rifle, the Mad Chief raised Jack Rabbit bodily from the ground, and interposed his body as a shield as he hastily retreated toward the cave entrance.

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circular valley, could have made out these dusky figures, cautiously stealing along from rock to rock, as though trying to reach the captive unseen. But such was not their intention, since they finally halted when some sixty yards from the base of the ledge.

The speaker was Peleg Post, the young cooper of Seacoast, and while he addressed himself in a low tone, the sound, as of ears half-muffled, gently died away to sea. He stood on the shore of the bay almost directly beneath the home of one of Seacoast's wealthiest citizens, and, with the last word still quivering his lips, he looked up at the house outlined between him and the starry heavens.

There was a bright light in one of the windows that looked seaward.

This discovery did not suggest anything startling to the young cooper, for he had often seen a light in the window quite late at night; but this time he saw something more than the light.

And it was that something that riveted his gaze to the window.

Pressed against the pane was the face of a woman. Peleg could see the dark hair that inclosed it, as it were, in a frame of ebony, and knew that it was the face of Martha Sturgis, the rich old man's daughter. She seemed to be looking seaward anxiously, and Peleg for a moment wondered what she hoped to see from her window when it was so dark outside.

It was that something that riveted his gaze to the window.

"Its me—Peleg Post," replied the Yankee to the sailor's startled look of inquiry. "Me and the boys propose to take possession of this ship and see if we can't do a bit o' service for the colonies. What's yer men?"

"Below," gasped the watch, frightened at the aspect of the men gathered about him.

"The captain's ashore."

"That's why we came," said Peleg, and a moment later the strong arms of the patriots were fastening down the hatches.

The noise roused the Vesta's crew, and with oaths they demanded to know what the strange proceedings meant.

"It means that the Colonies of North America have taken charge of this craft!" responded Peleg.

His words were followed by a stillness that pointed to a consultation among the prisoners. After a while the voice of the first mate came up from below.

"We'll give you five minutes in which to leave the Vesta as you found her," said the mate.

"Suppose we should not go?" responded the cooper.

"Then we'll blow up the schooner! One of them men is at the magazine with a lighted pipe."

"He's in a dangerous position!" answered one of the patriots.

"If you are on board the schooner in the darkness, and knew that Martha Sturgis could not see him; her dark eyes were directed seaward, and when Peleg turned toward the bay, he discovered the secret of the anxious look. He saw a sharp light dancing, as it seemed, on the waves, over the very spot where the Vesta was anchored at sunset."

The sight of the light instantly solved what to the stalwart young cooper had been a mystery.

The boat which had put off from the shore had reached the Vesta, and Martha Sturgis was waiting for the signal of its safe arrival.

"You kin go to bed now, Martha," said Peleg, allowing his gaze to revert to the window above him. "Yer lover has got back to his ship safe and sound, an' will dream of the girl he left at the winter."

As though she had heard his words, the beautiful watcher left the window, and the curtains which her hands drew close, shut off the light from the man on the shore.

Peleg remained a few moments longer on the beach, then, with a philosophic shake of his head, walked away, and quietly sought his couch in an attic.

Old Joshua Sturgis' neutrality no longer claimed respect from the cooper. He believed that the old man was a staunch loyalist, and that the commander of the Vesta had often visited his daughter under the cover of darkness. Perhaps the trio were plotting against the town and the more Peleg thought about it, the more restless he became. He resolved that the captain's nocturnal visits should cease, and he even went so far as to think what a stupid privateer the Vesta would make.

At an early hour on the following day, Peleg related to six men in his coopering-shop his singular adventure on the beach beneath Martha Sturgis' home. His hearers were attentive ones, strong men like himself, and eager to perform some signal service for the cause of the colonies.

The armament of the schooner consisted of five light guns and thirteen swivels, besides a quantity of new cutlasses and pikes. A large supply of powder was stored in her magazines; and some very destructive hand-grenades completed her warlike cargo. Altogether, she was a very valuable ship, and as the Americans were in need of powder, her capture became of the greatest importance.

In Peleg's shop thirteen determined Yankees enlisted in the enterprise, which had been well discussed, and the most profound secrecy was enjoined on all by the young cooper, who had been chosen leader of the expedition.

Peleg remained a few moments longer on the beach, then, with a philosophic shake of his head, walked away, and quietly sought his couch in an attic.

One of the Vesta's swivels awakened the sleeping inhabitants, and caused a pallor to crease over a face at a window that overlooked the bay. The captured schooner was run nearer the beach, and the brilliant exploit became known to all.

Not one drop of blood had been shed in the action; and I doubt if a more gallant nautical exploit was performed during the entire war for independence.

Peleg Post became the lion of the hour, and Martha Sturgis, the beautiful tory, wept to think that her love for Captain Hunt had brought disaster upon the British navy. A week later she had avenged the Vesta's capture by marrying its paroled commander.

The schooner's armament surprised the most sanguine, and the cooper and his men received the thanks of the Continental Congress. The captured powder was sent to Washington's army, and the Vesta was fitted out as a privateer. I need not say that Peleg Post was her commander, nor revert to the many exploits which the reader may well believe followed the gallant one I have described.

Editorial. The following appeared as an editorial in one of our exchanges, and we give it place as a very proper answer to that class of persons who deny to wholesome fiction its just and proper place in every home:

"By the way, I learn with horror that you are a writer of fiction, and worse than all, of that class known among the ungodly as Beadle's Dime Novels. I hope, for the sake of your soul's salvation, it is not true, for candidly, my dear Doctor, I do not believe a writer of fiction can enter the kingdom of heaven."

"The above is an extract from a letter recently received from a young friend, a theological student at Oberlin, Ohio. There is not the least doubt in the world but that this young man believes what he says, and still less that there are many others of the same opinion.

"As their judgment is evidently based upon prejudice, or formed through ignorance, it may be well for me to say a few words in reply.

"One of the same class said to me the other day that he would like to know how one feels when, after having been strongly affected by some thrilling tale, the thought occurs that there is not a word of truth in it. I reply that any work of fiction that is worth reading at all has truth in it, and the truth of all truth next to the Bible and Euclid. Setting aside what we receive without questioning, because it is revealed to us, and what admits of demonstration, there are many degrees of truthfulness.

"At a certain interview between the Savior of the World and the Roman Governor of Judea, jesting, Pilate asked 'What is truth?' and he would not wait for an answer,

although he had then before him the only man that ever lived who could reply to his question.

THE BOSTON ELLUM.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The history of this scene, my boy, Should have engrossed on volume! (See if I don't tell you!) It once grew Upon the Boston Ellum:

That famous tree that stood upon The famous Boston Common, (Don't pull away) and was revered By every man and woman.

(Don't snivel so.) That famous tree Was planted by Columbus In thirteen five. (Wait, by and by I'll help you with your rumpus.) 'Twas fed by intellectual dews That fell at morn and even. (Just wait, you'll think this single cane At least is well or seven.)

Beath it Pocahontas sat Under the shade of Sots. Long moons ago. (What are you at? Don't yell until you ought to.) Beneath its shade the savages (Will you behave your jerking?) For Washington and General Grant Were often seen a-lurking.

Then Tom Spencer sat beneath its shade. The moment that they landed, And pilgrim sons and daughters there Danced round it squalo-handled. It heard the shots at Bunker Hill. And shook the urchins off it; No heart with Boston's trademark on That did not truly love it.

Upon its boughs at noon-tide's hour The Salem witches dangled, Ere yet the good old days were gone, Before these days new-fangled. (You'll get it soon.) Beneath it sat Men famed in every country: Don Quixote and Miles Standish fought Beneath that tree for glory.

This cane grew on the famous tree That sheltered hards and sages; Poets have (Lookey here, young man!) Sung in its shade for ag's. Historians have chawn its leaves To extract facts for history. Philosophers have found metaphors. (I shake yer yell like Yorick.) An ignorant storm at last blew down This old historic ellum.

The place is there yet where it fell, (Those screams, I'll help you swell 'em.) Now here, my son, you speak that change I saved for the Atlantic! And this old cane is just the thing To pay you for that autic!

Who Had the Best of It?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

M. AUGUSTUS REVILINGTON looked through the spiry clouds of cigar-smoke that were floating lightly through the room—looked at Tom Spencer with such a cool, contemptuous, pitying glance, that that young gentleman actually laughed outright as he finished speaking, and then immediately began again:

"Upon my word, Gusty, old boy, but you are good as a play, and the rare fun of it is I believe you honestly mean every blessed word you say."

"Of course, I mean every word I say! Why shouldn't I, when my life is a practical illustration of the theory I have held, to—that a man is a fool to fall in love?"

Spencer leaned meditatively back in his chair.

"Let's see, Gus; how old are you? I'm thirty-five, you know, and I can remember when I was a little shaver you were quite a young man. How old are you, Gus?"

Mr. Revlington replied, very promptly:

"Old enough to know human nature pretty thoroughly. That is, fifty-three next May-day."

Spencer looked admiringly at him—hale, hearty, handsome, with his gray, luxuriant beard, bushy hair, and wide-awake, blue eyes—handsome enough to slay woman's heart yet, backed, too, by a snug fortune.

"Fifty-three! You never look like it, Gus! You're as young as I am—and never in love once, yet? The saints preserve you when you do take the madness—it'll hit hard!"

Mr. Revlington smiled with calm superiority.

"I'll risk it, Tom! And more, I'll confess the soft impeachment when I'm first attacked."

Tom laughed at this dignified earnestness.

"Good! I'll wager a basket of champagne she'll come in the form of a widow, too—one of those dimpled-cheeked, rosebud-mouthed little widows, whose eyes will discover your vulnerable spot by the species of magnetism they are sure to possess! I declare I'm quite excited over it, Gus! Let's drink to the future Mrs. Revlington and the little Rev—"

"Stop just where you are, Spencer. A joke's a joke, but—"

Tom had tossed off his Clicquot lightly.

"But when it comes to be possible reality it is another thing, eh?"

He laughed, and lighted a second cigar.

"If you please, sir, is this seat engaged?" It was the sweetest, silverest voice Mr. Augustus Revlington had ever heard in all his life, with all his experience among well bred women, who talked in low, gentle tones, sweet as the notes of a bell.

It was her voice, so wondrously enchanting, that made him look quickly up from his paper, to see a graceful, lady-like girl—no, hardly a girl, for there was maturity in face and form that was far more charming than the blushes and consciousness of a girl.

A young lady, draped in clinging, stylish-cut garments of some soft, black fabric—cashmere Revlington knew it was, for he was no mean connoisseur in women's toilettes—with small, perfect hands, wearing dark pearl kids; with a dainty little hat trimmed in lavender and jet, and a thick black val thrown over her head and face—almost as if she were anxious to hide herself.

She halted inquiringly beside his seat as she spoke.

"Engaged? No, madam."

Mr. Revlington bowed as he answered her, and removed his handsome traveling-sachet to the floor.

Then, as she sat down with a prompt, musical "Thank you," he caught himself wondering why he had said "Madam."

"She surely cannot be unmarried," he thought, remembering her sweet voice—"sure enough, she's a widow! a fellow with half an eye would know that—young, pretty, in light mourning that means 'not inconsolable'."

He turned to his paper again, and began to read the stock report thinking what a fragrant perfume this aristocratic little lady had brought with her. Then she suddenly, but half deprecatingly, spoke to him again:

"I am sorry to trouble you, sir, but if you will be good enough to place my shawl and package in the rack?"

"I beg pardon for my stupidity, madam. Can I be of further service?"

He asked it with a vague desire to hear her speak, and wishing that horrid val were off, so he could see the fair face he knew must accompany such a figure, and voice, and manner.

"Only to tell me when we come to Edgehill Park."

"Edgehill Park! Certainly—I stop there myself over one train."

Somewhere, that made them acquainted; and Mr. Revlington laid down his *Herald*, and a most delightful conversation ensued between this sweet-voiced woman and Augustus Revlington, the invulnerable.

"I am going on a visit, you see, to Edgehill Park, and it seems so strange to think I am an entire stranger to the family whose guest I am to be. They were friends of my husband's."

Mr. Revlington was triumphant at this proof of his skill in reading facts.

"Then you are a widow? I thought as much."

She answered, very quickly:

"For three years. Isn't it very warm in here?"

A sudden thought occurred to Mr. Revlington—an inspiration direct from heaven, surely.

"Not very warm—but your heavy val oppresses you, perhaps."

His heart actually quickened its beats as the little kidded hands unfastened the sparkling jet pins that held the val. Was her face as enchanting as her manner? and then, of a sudden, there rushed over him, like a flood, the remembrance of Tom Spencer's laughing prophy.

A pretty little widow, with magnetism in her manner—and here was the widow and the charming, well-bred tones, at all events! Was she dimpled and rosy? If she was—and Mr. Revlington smiled and sneered at the same minute, then—was actually guilty of staring at the sweetest face he had ever seen in his life—a pure, pale face, with scarlet lips he experienced a sudden desire to kiss, with roguish eyes, gray and liquid, and shadowed by thick, dark lashes and brows just the hue of her wavy hair.

His heart certainly was demoralized, playing him traitor, or something, for it beat faster than it had for many a day.

Suppose—just suppose—that what that ridiculous Tom Spencer had said was true! only suppose, for the sake of an argument, that this delicious little widow should take a fancy to him!

And, in the very face of all his past declarations, despite his fifty-three years of them experience among the fair sex—Mr. Revlington caught himself quivering with delight at the thought!

Such a little darling as this would be to pet, such a fascinating creature to present to one's friends as "my wife, old fellow, you know!" Such a radiant face to have opposite one at the table morning and night! Only—what on earth would Tom Spencer say? Say?—why turn green with jealousy that he had not won this peerless, gray-eyed beauty himself—the selfish fellow!

Then, a horrible feeling, not unlike jealousy, flashed up in his heart as he remembered Edgehill Park was where Tom Spencer's folks lived! and this little divinity was going to visit at Edgehill Park!

"Did I understand you to say you would visit at Edgehill Park? at your late husband's relatives?"

Mr. Revlington had assuredly understood as much, but he asked the question, perhaps, with the vain hope of having been mistaken.

She raised her eyebrows and smiled.

"Yes—at the Spencers'. Do you know the family?"

Mr. Revlington felt as if a stream of cold water had been suddenly poured down his back. Did he know the Spencers?

"Yes, I know them—rather an odd fellow, one of them. You'll see him, of course. I suppose you've heard of Tom?"

"Yes, I think I have. Handsome, isn't he?"

Mr. Revlington shrugged his shoulders.

"He might suit some tastes—not mine, and I may venture to say, not yours. I am older—somewhat older than you, and let me warn you that Mr. Tom Spencer is a renowned lady-killer—a boaster of his success in winning hearts. I hope you will not—"

She laughed and blushed so deliciously, and gave Mr. Revlington such a look!

"I had not heard such a report of Mr. Spencer. It's terrible, isn't it?"

"Awful! although perhaps an old bachelor like myself am—"

She gave a delightful little start of surprise.

"Are you a bachelor? Why, I thought surely you were a married gentleman. You are so—" She hesitated half confusedly, half laughingly.

Mr. Revlington looked ardently at her.

"So—what? if I may ask, madam."

"Well—so—so nice, I was going to say."

Heavens! this beautiful woman thought he was "nice!" Mr. Revlington forgot Tom Spencer, Edgehill Park—everything except that he wished she thought him something more than "nice."

"Are you proud of your good opinion; I only wish I was in the happy condition you imagined me."

She cast her eyes down then, and played with the handle of her sachet.

"I am quite sure it is your fault that you are unmarried."

"Do you think so, really? If I thought it, I'd be an engaged man before—"

He hesitated, actually appalled at his own sudden boldness and interest.

"Take my advice, Mr.—oh, I would so like to know your name."

He handed her his card, and wondered at the roguish mischief that shot suddenly in her eyes.

"Mr. Revlington? why, I've heard of you before!"

He bowed, and looked exceedingly happy.

"Thank you! And, knowing me, do you still adhere to the opinion you have regarding—ah—appertaining to—my success if I contemplated marriage?"

It was his boldest stroke, and his heart went pit-a-pat most rapidly.

"Indeed I do! And if there is a lady in the world you love, take my advice, and tell her. Is there one?"

Her sudden, archly challenging question almost routed his sense of propriety, but he answered very eagerly.

"Only one in all the wide world, madam, whom I ever dreamed, even of admiring!"

"One little darling, with the sweetest face and brightest eyes—"

The brakeman bawled unfeeling in the face of this burst of rhapsody:

"Edge—h—ill P—ar—k—k!"

Mr. Revlington arose and handed her parcels to her.

"I am so interested, Mr. Revlington. Can't you call at Mr. Spencer's while I am there? I would be so glad to see you!"

It seemed as if he was treading on air, perfumed with fragrance wafted from Araby the Beast. Invited to see her, actually invited to see her, this peerless, perfect, bewitching woman! and right under Tom Spencer's nose, too! what could Tom say? of course he'd be trying his arts on her, the first thing, but from indications, it would be "no go." This charming widow had manifested her interest in himself, and it wouldn't be his fault if it stopped there.

"Only to tell me when we come to Edgehill Park."

"Edgehill Park! Certainly—I stop there myself over one train."

To see her! if business went to smash by his absence. And he took her dainty little hand very cordially, as they stood on the platform—the only passengers for Edgehill.

"If you will make me happy by giving me your name—"

She laughed and showed her pretty teeth: then, a brighter, happier light sprung into her eyes as Tom Spencer rushed up, and caught both their hands.

"Florrie! Hello, Revlington, you up on this train?"

Mr. Revlington bowed dignifiedly, and "Florrie" turned her bright laughing face to him.

"Mr. Revlington has been very good to me, Tom. Introduce me, won't you?"

Tom laughed—more at the odd expression of Mr. Revlington's face than anything else.

"Of course with pleasure. Mr. Revlington,

this is Mrs. Estcourt, known more familiarly as 'Florrie' to me, who has come to visit my family, prior to making one of it in a few weeks. You'll get cards, Gus, in good time."

"And you'll be sure to come, Mr. Revlington! I do hope you will take my advice about the sweet girl you are speaking of. And thanks for your kindness. I'm quite ready, Tom, dear!"

Mr. Revlington bowed mechanically and watched them walk off, with more of homesick pain in his heart than had ever affected him before.

Then, he went about his business like a sensible man, and by the time the bewitching widow wrote her name Florrie Spencer, he had come to the conclusion that perhaps, after all, Tom had the worst of it.

Yours' come, an' father a-yellin' 'sic' 'em. Josi' come, an' settin' him on the apple-tree.

"Is it you, Josi Hooper?" sez he, madder'n a settin' hen. "I thought 'twas Gabriel Peters. I swim, I didn't think you was big enough to be up to such tricks. I don't wonder you're ashamed to be seen"—for Josi he looked awful sheepish. "Here, Tige, let the fool get down," sez father. "Now, you jest climb down out o' that tree mighty lively, and don't you let me ketch you about these diggin's ag'in."

Josi he slid down with his back turned so we couldn't see it. I s'pose there was an' awful rest in his garments sommers. An' he didn't stop to say good-mornin', but went off home.

"Twaren' long after that that father told me he'd concluded that Gabe Peters was the likeliest one o' the whole Peters tribe, an' he didn't care if I did go with him, but he wouldn't advise me to marry him as he know'd on. But he was so set in his way that he wouldn't 'a' said anything else, 'cause he'd talked ag'in it afore. But I told Gabriel I knew 'twas all right, an' father never said anything more ag'in' his comin' to see me. An' Josi was keen to keep away. Land-sake! there's that tea-kettle a-b'ilin' over!"

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